THE MORALL FABILLIS OF ESOPE THE Phrygiã, Compylit in Eloquét, & Ornate Scottis Meter, be M. Robert Henrisõe, scolmaister of Dũfermlig. Newlie coretit, and Vendicat, fra mony Errouris, quhilkis war ouersene in the last prenting, quhair baith Lynis, and haill Versis war left out.

VIII 2/

EDINBVRGH.

Imprinted att Edinburgh be ane Thomas Bassandyne, dwelland at the nether Bow Anno. 1571.

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The

The Prolog.

THocht feingeit fabils of ald poetes,
Be not all grundet vpon truthfull thing,
Thair polite termes of fweit Rethorie
Richt pleſand ar Vnto the eir of ony,
And ald the cauſ vat thay firſt began,
Wes to reprefs the haill miſdoing,
Off ony vther figure of ane vther King.

Sa lyke maner as throw the buſtious eird,
(Gif it be laubourit with gud diligence)
Springis the flouris, and the corne abreid,
Hailſum and gude to mannis ſuſtenence,
Sa dois ſoving ane Morall fweit ſentence,
Oute of the ſubtell dyte of poetry:
To gude purpois quha cuid it weill apply.

THe mirthis ſchell thocht it be hard, and teuch,
Alsis the kirnell, and is delectabill.
Sa lyis thair ane doctrine wyſe anench,
And full of frute, vnder ane fenzeit fabill.
And Clerkis faris, it is richt profitabill,
Amangis ernift to mirgane mirrit ſpert,
To light the ſpreit, and gar the tyme be ſchort.

Forther mair, ane Bow that is ay bent,
Worthis vnſmart, and dullis on the ſtring,

Sa doie the mynd that is ay diligent,
Jn erniſtfull thochtis, and in ſtudying,
Wit ſad materis ſum mirrines to ming.
Accordis weill thir & ſope ſaid Jwis,

Dulcius arrident ſeria picta locis.

Of this Authour my Maiſteris with zour leif,
Submitting me in zour correctionis:
Jn Mother toung of Latyng I wald preif,
To mak ane maner of Tranſlationis.
Nocht of my ſelf, for vane preſumptionis,
Bot bt requeiſt, and precept of ane Lord,
Of quhome the Name it neidis not record.

Jn hamelie language and in termis rude,
Me neidis wryte: for quhy of Eloquence.
Nor Rethorike, I neuer Vnderſtude.
Thairfoir meiklie Jpray zour reuerence,
Gif that ze find it throw my negligence,
Be deminute, or zit ſuperfluous,
Correct it at zour willis gratious.

My Autor in his Fabillis tellis how,
That brutal beiſtis ſpak, and Vnderſtude,
Jn to gude purpois diſpute, and argow.
Ane Sillogiſme propone, and eik conclude.
put in exempill, and in ſimilitude,

How

How mony mety in operatrony,
Ar like to beistis in conditiony.

Na meruell is, ant may be lyke ane Beist,
Quhilk lusis ay carnall and foull delyte:
That schame cay not him restrenze, nor arreist,
Bot takis all the lust and appetyte,
And that throw custum, and daylie vyte.
Syne in thair mynd sa fast is radicate,
That thay in brutal bestis ar transformate.

Quis Nobill Clerk, Schope, and Chaistaild,
Jy gay metir, and poete Lawriate,
Be figure wrait his buke: for he mocht wald.
Lak the disdane off hie, nor low estate.
And to begin, first of ane Cok he wrate,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand ane Jolie stone,
Of quhome the Fabill ze sall heir anone.

The Tail of the Cok, and the Iasp.

Ane cok sum tyme with fedderā fyne
Richt cāt & crous albeit he was bot pure
Flew fordh wpō ane dunghill soe he day
To get his dennar set was al his cure.
Scraipand amang the aß he ane jentuire,
He fand ane Jolie Jasp, richt precious,
Wes castin furth in sweping of the Lous.

As Wanisellis wantoun, and Insolent,
That fane wald play, and oy the fruit be sene,
To swoping of the Lous thay tak na tent.

Thay

Thay caist ma thing, ma that the flowr be cleno
Jowellis ar tint, as vttymis les bene sene,
Vpoy the fluvr, and swopit furth anone.
Peradventure, sa was the samin stone.

Sa meruelland vpoy the stane (quod he)
O gentill Jasp: O richt and Nobill thing:
Thocht I the find, thow ganis not fra me.
Thow art ane Jowell fra ane Lord or King.
Pitie it wer, thow suld ly in this midding,
Be buryit thus amang this smiddy eyr mold,
And thow so fair, and worth sa meikill gold.

It is pitie I sulde the find, fra quhy,
Thy grit vertew, nor zit thy excellens cleir,
It may me mouthe extoll, nor magnifie
And thow to me may mak bot lyttill eheir,
To grit Lordis thocht thow be leif, and deir,
I lufe for better thing of les availl,
As draf, or corne, to fill my tume Jutraill.

I had leuer ga scrapit heir with my naillis,
Amangis this mow, and luke my liftis fude,
As draf, or corne, small wormis, or snaillis,
Or ony meit wald do my stomok gude:
Thay of Jaspis ane meikill multitude.
And thow agane, vpoy the samin wyis,
Fra les availl may me as mow dispyis.

Thow hes na corne: and thairof haist nocht.
Thy cullour dois bot confort to the sicht.
And that is not anewch my Wame to scheild.
For wyfis sayis, lusk and Werkis ar licht.
I wald haue sum meit, get it geue the micht.
For houngrie meyn may not leue on lukis:
Had thou brybrocht, I compt not for na cukis.

Quhar sulde thow mak thy habitatioun?
Quhar sulde thow duell, bot in ane Royall Tour?
Quhar sulde thow sit, bot on ane Kingis Crown,
Exaltit in Worschip and in grit honour?
Quhilo gentill Jasp, of all stanis the flour,
Out of this midding, and pas quhar thow sulde be.
Thow ganis not for me, nor I for the.

Leuand this fowell law vpon the ground,
To seik hir meit this Cok his Wyis went.
Bot quhey, or Yow, or quhome be it wes found.
Ne now I set to hald na Argument.
Bot of the Inward sentence, and intent:
Of this (as myne Author dois write)
I sall reheirs in rude and hamelie dite.

This folie Jasp had propertreis seuin:
The first, of cullour it was mervelous:
part lyke the fyre, and part lyke to the heuin.
It makis and may stanch and victorious.

pretewis

preſeruis als fra caſis perrillous.
Quha hes this ſtane, ſall haue gude hap to ſpeid,
Or fyre, nor Water him neidis not to dreid.

Moralitas.

THis gentill Iaſp, richt different of hew,
Betakinnis perfite prudence and cunning.
Ornate with mony deidis of vertew,
Mair excellent, than ony eirthly thing.
Quhilk makis men in honour for to Ring,
Happie, and ſtark to wyn the victorie,
Of all vicis, and Spirituall enemie.

Quha may be hardie, riche, and gratious?
Quha can eſchew perrell and auenture?
Quha can Gouerne ane Realme Cietie or hous,
With out ſcience, no man I zow aſſure?
It is riches that euer ſall Indure,
Quhilk Maith, nor moiſt, nor vther ruſt can ſcreit,
To mannis ſaull it is eternall meit.

This Cok deſyrand mair the ſempill corne,
Than ony Iaſp, may till ane fule be peir.
quhilk at ſcience makis bot ane moik and ſcorne,
And na gude can: als lytill will he leir.
His hart wammilis wyſe argument to heir.
As dois ane Sow, to quhome men for the nanis,
In hir draf troich wald ſaw precious ſtanis.

Quha is enemie to ſcience and cunning,
Bot ignorants, that vnderſtandis nocht?

Quhilk is ſa Nobill, ſa precious, and ſa ding,
That it may not with eirdlie thing be bocht.
Weill wer that man ouer all vther that mocht,
All his lyfe dayis in perfite ſtudie wair,
To get ſcience: for him neidis na mair.

BOt now (allace) this Iaſp, is tynt and hid:
We ſeik it nocht, nor preis it for to find.
Haif we richis, na better lyfe we bid,
Of ſcience thocht the Saull be bair and blind.
Of this mater to ſpeik, it wer bot wind.
Thairfore I ceis, and will na forther ſay.
Ga ſeik the Iaſp, quha will, for thair it lay.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Vponlandis Mous, and the Burges Mous.

ESope quhylis Authour makis mentioun,
Of twa citie and thay wer Siſteris deir,
Of quhairof the eldeſt dwelt in ane Borous toun:
The vther wynnit vponland weill meir:
Soliter, quhylis vndir buſk, quhylis vndir breir:
Quhilis in the cornis, and vther mennis ſkaith,
As owtlawis deis and leuis oy thair waith.

This rurall mous in to the wynter tyde,
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit grit diſtreſs,
The vther Mous that in the Burgh can byde,
Was Eild brotheris and maid ane fre Burgeis.

Quhen

Coll fre ale but cuſtum maiſ ouſ ſea,
And fredome had to ga quhair euer ſchoiſt,
Amang the cheis in Arle, and meill in kiſt.

Ane tyme quhen ſchoweꝫ full and vnſute fair,
Schoe tuke in cryand ſiſtſ vpon land,
And langit ſoſ to ſeir of ſiſ weiſſair,
Coſe quhat lyſe ſchoe had vndeſ the wandſ
Bairfute allone with pylgrymſ ſtaf in hiſ hand,
Ad pure pylgrymſ ſchoe paſſit owt off towy,
Co ſeik hiſ ſiſtſ baith ouſ daill and dowy.

Furth mony wilſum wayis can ſchoe walk,
Throw moſſe and muſ throw bankis buſſ & breis,
Schoe ran cryand quhill ſchoe come to a lake,
Cum furth to me my awin Siſtſ deir,
Cry peip anis, with that the Mouſ cuſd heir,
And knew hiſ voce as kinniſmay will do,
Be vtrray kynd, and furth ſchoe come hiſ to.

The hartlie ioy God geue ſe had ſene,
Btie kith quhen that thir Siſtſis met,
And grit kyndnes wes ſchawin thame betuene,
Foſ quyle thay ſtuſd, and quhyle foſ ioy thay gret,
Quhyle kiſſit ſueit, quhyle in armis plet,
And thus thay ſuſe quhill forerit wes thair mude,
Syne ſute ffoſ ſute vnto the chalmeryude.

As hard ſar it was and ſoſe wane,

Off

Off fog & fame ffull febilie wes maid,
And sillie sgeill vnder ane steidfast stane,
Off quhilk the entres wes not hie nor braid.
And in the samin thay went but mair abaid,
Without fyre or candill birnand bright,
For comonly sic pysterie lusties not lyght.

Quhen thay wer lugit thus thir sely Mys,
The zoungest sister into hir butterie glyde,
And brocht furth muttie, & candill in steid off spyce,
Sisft thia wes gude ffair I do it on thame besyde.
The Burges Mous prompit forth in pryde,
And said sister is this your dayly fude?
Quhy not (quod sgo) is not this meit rycht gude?

Na be my saull I think it bot ane scorne.
Madame (quod sgo) ze be the mair to blame,
My mother sayd sister quhen we wer borne,
That I and ze lay baith within ane wame,
I keip the rate and custome off my dame,
And off my leuing into pouertie,
For landis fane we mane in propertie.

My fair sister (quod sgo) fane me excusit.
This vnkyndyat and I can not accord.
To tender meit my stomok is ay vnsit,
For quhylis I fair alswell as ony Lord.
Thir wyld eerit peis, and muttie, or thay be bord,

Will

Wil brek my teith, and mak my wame ffull sklender
Quhilk wes before vnfit to meitis tender.

Weil, weil, sister (quod the vnwall Mous),
Gene it pleis zow sic thing as ze se heir,
Baith meit and dreink, harberie and houe,
Salbe zour awin, will ze remane al zeir.
Ze sall it haue with blyith and merry cheir,
And that sall mak the maissis that ar rude,
Amang freindis richt tender and wonder gude.

Quhat pleasure is in this feistis delicate,
The quhilkis ar geuin with ane glowmand browe?
Ane gentill hart is better recreate,
With blyith curage thay feith to him ane Kowe.
Ane modicum is mair nor till allowe,
Swa that gude will be baner at the daise,
Than thrawin vult and mony fryeit maise.

For all sir mery exhortatioun,
This Burgis Mous had litill will to sing.
Bot fenyeit fleid best sir Crowis doun,
For all the daynteis that scho culd hir bring.
Sit at the last scho said Gallis in bething,
Sister this victuall and zour royall feist,
May weill suffice vnto ane rurall beist.

Lat be this dule and cum into my place,
I sall to zow schaw be experience,

My gude friday is better nor zour pace,
My dissche kingis is worth zour haill expence,
I haue housis anew eftir defence,
Off Cat, nor sall trap, I haue na dreid.
I grant (quod scho, and ey togis der thay zeid

In stubbill arrag threw gers and corne:
And vnder bushis prevelie couth thay creip,
The eldest wes the gyde and went beforne,
The zwnger to hir Magis tuke gude keip.
On nicht thay ray, and ey the day cay sleip,
Quhill in the morning ew the Lauerok sang,
Thay fand the towy, and in blythlie couth gang.

Not fer fra thyne vnto ane vorthie Wane,
The Bugee bruchit thame sene quhare thay suld be.
Without God speid thair herberie wes tane,
Ay to ane stence with vittell grit plentie,
Baith Cheis, and Butter vpey thair skeilsie hie,
And flesche and fische anewch baith freschе and salt,
And sekkis full eft meill and eik eft malt.

Eftir quhen thay disyrsit wer to dyne,
Richtwtlingis grace thay wesche and went to meit.
With all reuerence that Cuddie culd deuyne,
Mutterand Cok, striking in taizeis greit.
Ane Ladie fair thair couth thay counterfeit,
Except ane thing thy drank ise wallow cleir,
Thy sleid off wyne bot zit thay maid gude cheir.

With

With blyithe lopcaſt and merie countenance,
The cloſeſt Siſter ſperit at Sir geſt
Siſſ that ſcho be reſſone fand differences,
Betuix that chalmer and hir ſarie meſt,
& Same (quod ſcho) how lang will thie reſt!
For euermair wait and langer to.
Siſſ it be ſwa ȝe ar at eis (quod ſcho).

Till eik thair cheir ane ſukcharge furth ſcho brocht,
Ane plait off grottis, and ane diſch full off meill,
Thraſ caikkis alſo trow ſcho ſtairit mocht,
Aboundantlie about Sir for to ſeill.
And manfully fyne ſcho brocht in ſpeis off geill,
And ane quhyte candill owt off ane coffer ſtall,
Ay ſpeis off ſpyce to gueſt thair mouth withall.

Thir maid thay merie quhill thay micht na mair
And haill ȝule hallerit wes hie,
Sit eſter ioy oftymes cummis eair,
And troubill eſter gerit proſperitie,
Thus as thay ſat in all thair iolitie,
The ſpenſer come with keyis in his hand,
Oppinnit the dure and tyame at ſcnnes ſand.

Thay teryit nocht to weſche as I ſuppoſe,
Bot ay to ga quha that micht ſtormeſt wirk.
The Burges had ane hole, and in ſcho goid,
Hir ſiſter had na hole to hyde hir in,
Quhe ſe that ſelie Mous it wes gerit ſing.

Sodesolate and will off ane gudereid,
For verray dreid sche fell in swouy neir deid.

Bot ae God wald it fell ane happie cace,
The Frenssee had na laser for to byde,
Nowther to seik, nor serche, to sker nor chace,
Bot oy he went, and left the dure wp wyde.
The bald Burgeis hie passing weill hes spyde,
Out off hir hole sche come, and cryit oy hie.
Hew fair ze sister cry peip quhair euer ze be.

Thir wrall Mous, lay flatling oy the ground,
And for the deith sche wes full sair dredand.
For till hir hart straik mony wofull stound,
Ay in ane feuer sche trimbillit fute and hand.
And quhen hir sister in sic ply hir fand,
For verray pitie sche begouy to greit,
Syne comfort hir with wordis hunny sweit.

Quhy ly ze thus wyse wp my sister deir?
Cum to zour meit, this perrell is ouerpast.
The vther answerit hir with heuie cheir,
I may not eit sa fair I am agast.
I had leuer thir fourty dayis fast,
With watter caill, and to gnaw benis or peis,
Thay all zour feist in this dreid and diseis.

With fair tretie zit sche gart hir vpryse,
And to the burde thay went and togidder sat,

And

And scantlie had thay drunkin anie or twyse,
Quhen in come Sib hunter our Jolie Cat,
And bad God speid, the Burges up with that,
And till hir hole scho went as fyre of flint,
Bawdronis the vther be the bak hes lint.

Fra fute to fute he kest hir to and ffra,
Quhylis up, quhylis doun, als cant as eny kid,
Quhylis wald he lat hir rin vnder the stra,
Quhylis wald he wink, and play with hir buk heid.
Thus to the selie Mous grit pane he did.
Quhill at the last throw fortune and gude hap,
Betwix ane burde and the wall scho crap.

And up in haist behind ane parraling,
Scho clamso lit that Gilbert micht not get hir,
Syne be the cluke thair craftelie cry hing,
Till he wes gane hir cheir wes all the better.
Syne doun scho lap quhen thair wes nane to let hir.
And to the Burges Mous loud can scho cry,
Fairweill sister thy feist I defy.

Thy mangerie is mingit all with cair,
Thy guse is gude thy ganscll sour as gall.
The superharge off thy service is bot fair,
Sa sall thow find heir efterwart na ffall,
I thank zone courtyne and zone perpall wall.
Off my defence now ffra zone crewell beist.
Almichtie God keip me fra sic ane ffeist.

Wer I into the kith that I come fra,
For weill wer I wo, ſuld I neuer cum agane.
With that ſcho tuke hir leif and furth cay ga,
Quhylis throw the corne, and quhylis throw the plane,
Quhey ſcho wes furth and fre ſcho wes full fane.
And mervelie markit onto the mure.
I cay not tell how weill thairefter ſcho fure.

Bot I herd ſay ſcho paſſit to Sir Dey,
Ala warne as woll ſuppoſe it wes not greit,
Full bemly ſuffit, baith but and bey,
Off Beinis, and Nuttis, peis, Rey, and Quheit.
Quhey euer ſcho liſt ſcho had anewch to eit,
Fy quyet and eis without iny dreid,
Bot to hir ſiſteris ſtiff na mair ſcho yeid.

The Moralitas.

FReindis ze may find and ze will tak heid,
In to this fabill ane gude moralitie.
As fitchis myngit ar with nobill ſeid,
Swa interminglit is aduerſitie,
With eirdlie ioy, ſwa that na eſtate is frie.
Without trubill and ſum vexatioun,
And namelie thay quhilk clymmis vp maiſt hie,
That ar not content with ſmall poſſeſſioun.

Bliſſed be ſempill lyfe withoutin dreid,
Bliſſed be ſober feiſt in quietie.
Quha hes aneuch of na mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be littill into quantatie,

erit

Grit aboundance and blind prosperitie,
Oftymes makis ane euill conclusioun:
The sweitest lyfe thairfoir in this cuntrie,
Is sickernes with small possessioun,

O wantoun man that vsis for to feid,
Thy wambe and makis it a god to be.
Lieke to thy self I warne the weill but dreid,
The Cat, cummis and to the Mous, hes Ee.
Quhat vaillis than thy feist and royaltie,
With dreidfull hart, and tribulatioun.
Best thing in eird, thairfoir I say for me,
Is blyithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre my freind, sa it be bot ane gleid,
It warmis weill, and is worth Gold to the.
And Solomon say is gif that thow will reid,
Vnder the heuin thair can not better be,
Than ay be blyith and leif in honestie.
Quhairfoir I may conclude be this ressoun,
Of eirthly ioy it beiris maist degre.
Blyithnes in hart with small possessioun.

FINIS.

The Taill of Schir Chantecleir and the Foxe.

THocht brutall beistis be Irrationall,
That is to say wantand discretioun.
Yit isse ane in thair kynd natuvall.
Hes mony diuers inclinatioun.

The Bair bustreus, the wolff, the wylde Lyoun:
The Fox fenzeit craftie and cawtelous:
The Dog to bark on nicht and keip the hous.

Sa different thay ar in properteis,
Inknawin to may, and sa infinite,
Iy kynd hauand sa ffell diuersiteis.
My cunning is excludit ffor to zyte.
For thy ar now I purpose ffor to wryte.
And eik I ffand quhilk ffell thir ather zeir,
Betwix ane Foye, and ane gentill Chanteclein,

Ane Vedow dwelt, in till ane drop thay dayis,
Quhilk way hir ffude off spinning on hir Rok.
And na mair had ffurth ar the Fabill sayis,
Except off hennis schoo had ane Lyttill flok,
And thame to keip schoo had ane Jolit Cok:
Richt curageous, that to thir Wedow ay
Cuydit nicht and erew befoir the day.

Ane lyttill ffra thir ffoirsaid Vedowis howis,
Ane thornie schaw thair wes off grit defence.
Quhairin ane Foye craftie, and cautelous,
Maid hir repair, and daylie residence.
Quhilk to thir wedow did grit violence,
Iy pyking off pultrie baith day and nicht,
And na way bet veuthgit on him schoo micht.

Thir wylie Tod quhen that the Lark couth sing,
Full fair hungrit unto the Coun him drest,

Quhair Chanteclein in to the gray dawing,
Werie for nicht wes flowey ffra his nest.
Lowrence this saw, and in his mynd he kest,
The Jeperdie, the wayis, and the wyle,
Be quhat menis he micht this Cok begyle.

Dissimuland in to countenance and cheir,
Oy knele fell, and simuland thus he sayd.
Gude morne my maistir gentill Chanteclein.
With that the Cok start bakwart in ane brayd.
Gyf ze be my Saull, ze neid not be effrayd,
Nor zit ffor me to start now fle abak,
I come bot zeir service to zow to mak.

Wald I not serue to zow it wer bot blame,
Sa ? haue done to zour progenitouris.
Zour father full oft fillit hes my wame.
And send me meit ffra miding to the muris.
And at his end I did my hesie curis,
To hald his heid, and gif him drinkis warme.
Syne at the last the Sweit swelt in my arme.

Knew ze my ffather (quod the Cok) and leuch,
Ha, my ffair Sone, I held vp his heid,
Quhey that he deit vnder ane birkin beuch.
Syne said the Virgin quhey that he wes deid,
Betuix vs twa how suld thair be ane feid?
Quhanis suld ze traist bot me zour Seruitour,
That to zour ffather did sa grit honour.

Quhen I behald zour ffeddevis ffair and gent,
zour beik, zour beciſt, zour ſekill, and zour ſame.
Sclis be my Iruill, and the bliſſit Sacrament,
My hart is warme me thinkis any at hame,
To make zow blyith, I wald creip ey my wame,
Ty ffoviſt and ſnaw, ey wedder way and wit,
And lay my lyart loikkis vnder zour feit.

Thir fenzeit fayr ffals and diſſimulate,
Maid to thir Cok ane caniliatioun.
Se ar nit think gangit and degenerate,
Fra zour ffatheris off ſic conditioun,
Off craftie crawing ſe micht beir the Croun,
For ſe wald ey ſic tais ſtand and craw.
Thir wes ma le, I ſtude beſide and ſaw.

With that the Cok vpoy his tais ſic,
Keſt vp ſic beik, and ſang with all ſic micht.
(Quod Schir Lowrence) weill ſaid ſa mot I the.
Se ar zour ffatheris Sone and air vpright.
Bot off ſic cunning zit ze want ane ſlicht.
For (quod the Cok) he wald and ſaid ma dout,
Bait ſ wink, and craw, and turne him thryis about.

The Cok infect with wind and fals vane gloir,
That mony puttis vnto confuſioun.
Trauiſting to win ane geit worſchip thairfoir,
Vnwarlie wink and wawland vp and doun,
And ſyne to ſant and craw he maid him boun.

And

And ſuddandlie be ſe ſad crawin ant mote,
The foxe wes war and ſint him be the throte.

Syne to the wod but tarie with him ſyit,
Off that cryme ſaiſand bot lytill dout.
With that pertok, Sprutok, and Toppok cryit.
The widow hard, and with ane cry come out.
Heand the cace ſcho ſichit and gaiſ ane ſchout.
How murther ſay with ane hidduous beir,
Allace now loſt is gentill Chantecleir.

As ſcho wes woid, with mony zell and cry,
Reynand hir hair upon hir breiſt cay beit,
Syne paill off hew hart in ane extaſy,
Fell doun ffour caire in ſwonning, and in ſweit.
Wich that the felie hennis left thair meit.
And quhill the wyfe wes heand thus in ſwony,
Fell in that cace in diſputatiouny.

Allace (quod pertok) makand ſair murning
With teiris gnit attour hir cheikis fell.
Sone wes our dayis, and our dayis darling,
Our nichtingall, and als our Orlege bell.
Our walkryfe Watche wes for to warne and tell
Quhen that Aurora with hir curcheis gray,
put up hir heid betuix the nicht and day.

Quha ſall our Lemmis be? quha ſall we leid?
Quhen we ar ſad quha ſall unto us ſing?
With hir ſweit Bill to mald buck us the breid,

Jy all thir warld wes thair ane kynder thingis
Jy paramouris he wald do wes plesing,
At his powar as nature did him geif.
Now efter him allace how sall we leif?

Quod Sprutok thay, Cleis sister off zour sorrow
se be to mad ffor him sic murning maid.
We sall ffair weill, I find Sanct Johne to borrow,
The prouerb sayis, als gude luse cummis as gaid.
I will put on my haly dayis claid,
And mak me fresch agane this Jolit may,
Syne chant this sang wes neuer widow sa gay.

He wes angry and held wes ay in aw,
And woundit with the speir off Jelowsy.
Off chalmerglew pertok, full weill ze knaw,
Waistit he wes, off Nature cauld and dry,
Sey he is gone thairfoir Sister say I,
Be blyith in baill, ffor that is best remeid.
Let quik to quik, and deid ga to the deid.

Thay pertok spak, with feinzeit faith befoir,
Jy lust but lufe he set all his delyte.
Sister ze wait off sic as him ane scoir,
Wald not suffice to slaik our appetyte,
I hecht be my hand sey he is quyte,
Within ane ouk ffor schame, and I durst speik,
To get ane berne suld better claw oure breik.

Thay Coppok lyke ane Curate spak full croue,

sone

fone wes ane ſtrang vengeance from the heuin.
he wes ſa loue, and ſa leſcherous.
he had (quod ſche) Kittokis ma than ſeuin.
Bot rychteous God hald and the balandis euin,
Smytis rycht ſair thocht he be patient,
For aldulteris, that will thame not repent.

pryde full he wes, and ioyit off his ſin,
And comptit not for Goddis fauour nor fein.
Bot traiſſit ay to ray, and ſa to rin,
Quhill at the laſt his ſinnis cay him lein,
To ſchamefull end, and to gone ſuddand dein.
Thairfoir it is the ſtrang hand off God,
That cauſit him ly werryit with the Tod.

Quhen thir wes ſaid, thir widow ffra hir ſwoun,
Start vp on fute, and on hir kennettis cryde.
How berk Berrie, Rawſie, Brown,
Lyre ſchaw, Lin weil, Cuttie, Mullietyde,
Togidder all but grunching furth ze glyde,
Reſkew my Nobill Tod or he be ſlane,
Or ellis to ſmert ze cum neuir agane.

With that but baid thay braidet ouer the bent,
As fyre off flint thay ouer the feildis flaw,
Full wichtlie thay throw wood and water went,
And ceiſſit not ſchir Lowrence quhill thay ſaw.
Bot quhen he ſaw the Kennettis cum on raw,
Vnto the Tod in hy he ſaid God ſey,
That I and thow wer fairlie ly dey.

They said the Cok with sum gude Spirit inspyrit,
Go my counsall and I sall warrand the.
Hungrie thow art, and fow gvit trautll tyrit,
Richt faint off force, and may not fordher fle.
Wyith turnt agane, and say, that I and ze,
Freindis ar maid, and fellowis now ane zeir.
Thay will thay stint, I stand fow it and not steir.

Thir Cod thocht he wes fals and friuolus,
And had fraudis sic qutwell to defend.
Scsanit wes be menis richt meruelous.
For falsett failzeis ay at the latter end.
He start about, and cuyit as he wes kend.
With that the Cok he braid out off the bewis.
Now Juge ze all quhairat Schir Lowrence lewis.

Begylit thus the Cod vnder the tre,
Oy lenis fell, and said gude Chantecleir.
Cum doun agane, and I but meit ve fe,
Salbe zour may and seruand ffor ane zeir.
Na fals thief, and reuar, stand not me neir.
My bludy hekill, and my mekil bla,
Hes partit freindschip ffor euer betwene ve twa.

I wes vnwyse that winkit at thy will,
Quhairthrow almaist I loissit had my hcid.
I wes mais fule (quod he) to be sa still,
Quhairthrow to put my pray in to plcid.
Fair oy fals thief, God keip me ffra thy feid.

With

With that the Cok ouer the feild gan tuke his flicht,
And ly at the Widowis Lewer cont{ he licht.

The Moralitas.

NOw worthie folk suppose this be ane Fabill.
And ouerheillit wyth typis figurall.
Zit may ze find ane sentence richt agreabill,
Vnder thir fenzeit termis textuall.
To our purpose this Cok weill may we call,
Nyse proud men, woid, and vaneglorious,
Of kin and blude quhilk ar presumpteous.

FY puft vp pryde. thow is full poysonabill.
Quha fauoris the on force man haif ane fall.
Thy strenth is nocht, thy stule standis vnstabill,
Tak witnes of the Feyndis Infernall,
Quhilk houndit doun wes fra that heuinlie hall.
TO Hellis hole, and to that hiddeous hous.
Because in pryde thay wer presumpteous.

This fenzeit FOXE may weill be figurate,
To flatteraris with plesand wordis quhyte.
With fals mening and mynd maist toxicate,
To loif and le, that settis thair haill delyte.
All worthie folk at sic suld haif despyte.
FOr quhair is thair mair perrellous pestilence,
Nor gif to learis haistelie credence.

The wickit mynd and ADullatioun,
Of sucker sweit haif and the similitude,
BITTER as gall, and full of poysoun,
To taist it is quha cleirlie vnderstude.

For

For thy as now ſchortlie to conclude,
Thir twa ſinnis, flatterie, and vaneglore,
Ar vennomous gude folk fle thame thairfoir.

FINIS.

The Taill how this foirſaid Tod, maid his cõfeſſioun to Freir Volf Vaitſkaith.

Gif we thir Wedows glaid Ȝow aſſure,
Off Chantecleir, mair blyith thay Ȝe cay tell.
And ſpeik we off the ſubtell auenture.
And deſtinie that to thir Foxe befell,
Quhilk durſt na mair with waitting Intermell,
Ala lang as Leme or Licht wes off the day,
Bot bydand nicht full ſtyll Lurkand he Lay.

Quhill that the Goddes off the ſlude,
Phebus had callit to the harbery.
And Heſperous put vp his cluddie hude,
Schawand his Luſtie Viſage in the ſky.
Than Lourence luikit vp, quhair he couth ly,
And keſt his hand vpon his Eȝe on hicht,
Merie and glade that cummit wes the nicht.

Out off the Wod vnto ane hill he went,
Quhair he micht ſe the tuinkling ſternis cleir.
And all the planetis off the firmament,
Thair coure, and tik thair moning in the Speir.
Sum retrogrglobe, and ſum Stationeir.

And

And off the Zodiak in quhat degre,
Thay wer ilk ane, as Lowrence leirnit me.

Thay Saturne auld was enterit in Capricorne,
And Iuppiter mouit in Sagittarie.
And Mars lap in the Rammis heid was borne.
And phebus in the Lyoun furth can carie.
Venus the Crab, the Mone was in Aquarie,
Mercurius the God off Eloquence,
Into the Virgyn maid his residence.

But Astrolab, Quadrant, or Almanak,
Teichit off nature be Instructionn,
The mouing off the heuin thir God can tak,
Quhat influence and constellationn,
Wes lyke to fall vpon the eivth adonn.
And to him self he said withoutin mair,
Weill worth my ffather, that send me to the Lair.

My Destenie, and eik my weird I key,
My auenture is cleirlie to me kend.
With miscreis myngit is my mortall mey,
My misleuing the soner lot gif I mend.
It is reward off sin ane schamefull end.
Thairfoir I will ga seik sum Confessour,
And schryff me clene off my sinnis to this hour.

Allace (quod he) wicht wairyit ar we thenis.
Our lyfis set ilk nicht in auenture.
Our cursit craft full mony ane mischenis,

For

For euer we ſteill, and euer ar lyke pure.
Iyderis and ſchame our dayis we indure.
Hyne Widdinek, and Crakraip callit alſo,
And till our hyre hangit vp be the hals.

Accuſand thus his cankerit conſcience,
Iy to ane Craig he keſt about his Ee.
So ſaw he cummand ane lyttill thay frome hence,
Ane Worthie Doctour in Diuinitie,
Freir Wolff Waitſkaith, in ſcience Wonderſle.
To preiche and pray wes newe cummit ffra the Cloſter
With Beidis in hand ſayand his pater noſter.

Heand this Wolff this wylie tratour Cod,
Oy kneis fell, with Iude in to his nek.
Welcome (my Goſſlie ffather vnder God,
(Quod he) with mony kinge and mony bek.
Ha (quod the Wolff) Schir Cod for quhat effek
Makis his heir, ryſe vp put vp your Iude?
Father (quod he) I haif greit cauſe to Iude.

Se ar Mirrour, Lanterne, and ſicker way,
Euir gyde his ſympill ſoll as me to grace.
Your hair feit, and your ruſſet Coull off gray,
Your fine cheik, your paill pietious face,
Ouirgaivis to me your perfite ſaline.
Fra Weill wer him that anis in his lyne,
Had hap to gow his ſinnis ffor to ſchryue.

Ma ſelis Lowrence (quod the Wolf and leuch,

It plesis me thairfore ar penitent.
Off reif and stouth, & fyir, I cary tell anewch,
That causis me full sair for to repent.
Bot fatherr bryde still I reir vpoyn the bent,
I zow beseik, and heir me to declair,
My conscience, that prikkis me sa sair.

Weill (quod the Wolff) sit doun vpoyn thy kne
And se doun bair heid sat full humilly.
And syne begyn with Benedicitie.
Quhen I this sayd, I drew ane lytill by.
For it effeiris mouther to reir, nor fly
Nor to reueill thing said vndir that seill,
Vnto the God this Sait the Wolf couth tentill.

Bot thow contrite, and perit in thy spreit,
For thy trespas ma fyir, I cary nocht duid,
Me thinkis that hennis ar sa henis sweit,
And lambis flesche that mew ay lellily bluid,
For to repent my mynd cary nocht concluid,
Bot off this thing, that I haif slane sa few.
Weill (quod the Wolf) in faith thow art ane schrew

Bey thow cary not forthink thy wickitnes,
Will thow forbeir in tyme to cum and mend.
And I forbeir, low sall I leif allace,
Haifand nane vther craft me to defend.
Meid causis me to steill quhair euer I wend.
I ask ane to thig, I cary nocht wirk ze wait.

Sit wald I fane pretend to gentill ſtait.

Weill (quod the Wolf) thow wantis pointis twa,
Belangand to perfyte Confeſſioun.
To the thrid part off penitence let ws ga,
Will thow tak pane for thy tranſgreſſioun?
Na Schir conſidder my Complexioun,
Helie and Waik, and off my Nature tender,
Lo, will ze ſe, I am baith lene and ſklender.

Sit neuertheles I wald ſwa it wer licht,
Effort and not greuand to my tenderneis,
Tak part off pane, fulfill it gif I micht,
To ſet my ſelie Saull in Way off grace.
Thow ſall (quod he) forbeir fleſch ontill paſche,
To tame thir Corps that curſit Carioun.
And heir I reik the full remiſſioun.

I grant thairto, ſwa ze will gif me leif,
To eit puddingis, or laip ane lyttill blude,
Or heid, or feit, or tayngis let me preif.
Iy race I ſall no fleſch vnto my fude.
For grit miſter I gif the leif to dude,
Exyle in the eirth, fer meid may haif na Law.
God geild zow Schir, fer that I wyt weill I knaw.

Quhen this wes ſaid, the Wolf his Way went,
The Foxe on fute he fure onto the flude.
To fang him fiſch hailſelie wes his intent.
Bot quhen he ſaw the Watter, and wallis wonde,

Aſtoniſt

Astonist all still in to ane stair he stude.
And said, better that I had bin sin at hame,
Nor bene ane miser in the Feuillie Name.

Now may I scraip my meit out off the sand,
And I lurk mouther beillie nor met bait.
As he wes thus for shame off meit murnand,
Lukand about listening ther to lait.
Under ane tre he saw ane trip off Gait.
Thay wes he blyith, and in ane lewch sing lo,
And fra the Gait he stall ane tydill Kid.

Eyne' outer the lewch unto the see he tyis,
And tuik the Kid be the lornie thane,
And in the wattir vnther tuyis or thryis,
He dowkit sing, and till sing cay he sayis.
Ca' doun thy fur Kid, cum up thy fur Salmond, agane.
Quhill he wes deid syne to the land sing dreuch,
And off that new mais Salmond eit ane wes.

Thus fynelie fillit with young tender meit,
Unto ane Cleuch for dreid he sing addrest,
Under ane buske, quhair that the sone cay beit.
To beik his breist and bellie he thocht best.
And reklesslie he laid quhair he did rest,
Straikand his wame' againe the sonie heit,
Ypey this wame set wer ane bolt full meit.

Quhey this wes saide the keipar off the Gait,
Cairfull in hart his Kid wes stollen away,
Dy cruikit tyde full warlie couth he wait.

Quhill at the laſt, ſe ſaw quhair Lowrence lay,
Ane Bow ſe bent, ane ſlane with ffedderis gray.
He haillit to the ſcid, and or ſe ſteird,
The Foxe ſe prikkit faſt vnto the eird.

Now (quod the Foxe) allace and wellawa,
Sorrit I am, and may na forther gang.
Me think ma may may ſpeik ane word in play.
Bot mow or dayis, in erniſt it is tane.
He ſavlit him, and out ſe drew his ſlane.
And ffor his kid, and vther violence,
He tuke his ſkyn, and maid ane recompence.

Moralitas.

THis ſuddand deith, and vnprouyſit end,
Of this fals Tod, without prouiſioun,
Exempli is exhortand folk to amend.
For dreid of ſic ane lyke confuſioun,
For mony now hes gude profeſſioun,
zit not repentis, nor for thair ſinnis greit,
Becauſe thay think thair luſtie lyfe ſa ſweit.

Sum bene alſo throw conſuetude and ryte,
Vincuſt with carnall ſenſualitie,
Suppoſe thay be as for the tyme contryte,
Can not forbeir, nor fra thair ſinnis flie.
Vſe drawis Nature ſwa in propertie,
Of beiſt and man, that neidlingis thay man do,
As thay of lang tyme hes bene hantit to,

Be war gude folke, and feir this ſuddane ſchoit,
Quhilk ſmytis ſair withoutin reſiſtence.
Attend wyiſlie, and in zour hartis be noit.
Aganis deith may na man mak defence,
Ceis of zour ſin, Remord zour conſcience,
Obey vnto zour God and ze ſall wend,
Efter zour deith, to blis withouttin end.

FINIS.

¶ The Taill of the Sõe & Air of the foir-ſaid Foxe, callit Father wer: Alſwa the Parliamẽt of fourfuttit Beiſtis, haldin be the Lyoun.

Thir foirſaid ffoxe, that deit ffor ſin miſdeid,
Had not ane barne wee gottin richteouſlie,
Till aimſchip be Law that micht ſucceid,
Except ane Sone, quhilk in Adulterie,
He gottin had in puvches prinelie.
And till his Name wee callit Father war,
That luifit weill with pultrie to tig and tar.

It followis weill be reſſoun naturall,
And gre be gre, off richt conpariſoun:
Off euill cummis war: off war cummis werſt of all.
Off wrangus geir cummis ſale ſucceſſioun.
Thir ffoxe Baſtard of generatioun,
Off Treaſoun kynde behuifit to be ſale.
Swa wee his Father, and his Grandſchir ale.

Na Nature will seiland hie meit be sent,
Off cace he sand hie ffatheris Carioun,
Makit, new slane, and till him hee he went,
Tuke vp his heid, and or his kne fell doun,
Thankand grit God off that conclusioun.
And said, now sall I bruke sey I any air,
The boundis quhair thow wes wont ffor to repair.

Fy Couetice vnkynd, and vntemous.
The Sone wes sone he sand his ffather deid,
Be suddand schot, ffor deidis deidlie,
That he micht ringe, and raxe in till his steid.
Greidans ma thing the samin lyfe to leid,
Ay thift, and reif, ae dis his ffather before.
Bot to the end attent he tuke no moir.

Sit neuerthelee throw Naturall pitie,
The Carioun vpon his bak he taie.
Now sind I weill thir prouerb trew (quod he)
Ay vinnis the ffoxe, als lang ae he fute haie.
Syne with the Corpe vnto ane peitfoit gaie,
Off Water ffull, and keist him in the deip.
And to the Deuill he gaif his banis to keip.

O fulisch may plungit in wardlynes,
To conqueis Wardlie gude, and gold, and rent.
To put thy Saull in pane, or teuinis,
To riche thy aire quhilk efter thow art went,
Haue he thy gude, he takis bot small tent.

To execute, to do, to satisfie,
Thy letter will, thy dett, and legacie.

This God to rest him, he passit to ane Craig,
And thair he hard ane buisteous Bugill blaw.
Quhilk as he thocht, maid all the wauld to waig.
And Vniverse come lansand ouer ane Law.
Thay start he vp, quhen he this Lard and saw,
With horne in hand, ane bill in breist the bure.
And Tursephant semelie I zow assure.

Vnto ane bank quhair he micht se about,
Oy euerilk syde in haist the cuid him by.
Besot out his vord, full schell, and grit ane schout.
And oy this wyis twyse, or thryse did cry.
With that the beistis in the feild thairby,
All meuelland, quhat sic ane thing suld meine,
Gritlie agast thay gadderit oy ane greine.

Out off ane bus ane bull sone can he brais,
And red the Tayt withoutin tarying.
Commandand silence, sadlie thus he sais.
Thy Maist Leyny, off all beistis the King,
Greting to God heich euerlestyng.
To hes all beistis, and Irrationall,
I send, as to my subiectis grit and small.

My Celsitude, and hie magnificence,
Lattis zow to wit, that I my incontinent,
Thinkis the meine with Leyall diligence,

Vpoy this Lill' to Lals ane parliament.
Straitlie thairfoir I gif commandement,
For to compeir befoir my Tribunall,
Vndir all' pane, and perrell that may fall.

The morrow come, and phebus with his bemis,
Consumit had the mistie cluddis gray.
The ground wes gretne, and als as gold it glemis,
Witht gers growand gudelit, grit and gay.
The spyce thay spred to spring vp euerilk spray.
The Lark, the Mauis, and the Merll, full Lio.
Sweitlie can sing ecippand affra tre to tre'.

The Leopardis come with Croun off massit gold
Beirand thay brocht vnto that Lillis Licht,
With taspis Ionit, and Royall Rubeis rold,
And mony diuersis Dyamontis dight,
With towis proud ane palzeoun doun thay pight.
And in that Throne, thair sat ane wild Lyoun,
In Rob Royall, with Sceptour, Swerd, and Croun.

Efter the temnour off the cry befoir,
That gaif vp all' fourfuttit beistis in eird,
As thay commandit wer without in moir,
Befoir thair Lord the Lyoun thay appeird.
And quhat thay wer to me as Lowrence leird.
I sall' reherse ane part off euerilk kynd,
As fer as now occurris to my mynd.

The Minotaur, ane Monster mervelous,

Bellerophont

Bellerophont that beist of Bastardie.
The Warwolff, and the peyase perillous,
Transformit be assent of sorcerie.
The Liny the Tiger full off Tiranie:
The Elephant: and eik the Dromedarie:
The Cameill with his Cran nek furth cay canie.

The Leopard, as ? Esit taull besorne:
The Antelop: the Spanth furth couth speid:
The peyntit pantheir: and the Unicorne:
The Raindeir Ray throw Reuir, Rone, and Reid.
The Jolio Gillet, and the gentill Steid:
The Asse: the Mule: the Hors of euerilk kynd,
The Ox: the Ky: the Yowit Hart: the Hynd.

The Bull: the Beir: the Bugill: and the Bair:
The tame Cat: Wildcat: and the Wildwod Swyne:
The hardbakkit Hurcheon: and the Hirpland Hair:
Baith Otter and Lip: and pennit porcupyne.
The Suirl Sait: the selie Scheip the Kwyne:
The wyld Once: the Buk: the Welterand Brok:
The Fowmart, with the Fibert ffurth cay flok.

The gray Ourwhound, with Kewithound furth cay
With Doggis all diuers and diffirent. (slyde,
The Rillony way, the Slobard furth cay glyde.
The quhynand Quhitret, with the Quhasill went,
The Feitho that lies furrit anony sent.
The Mentrik: with the Cunning: and the Coy:

The Bowranbant: and eik the Leriog.

The marmisset: the Mowdewart couth leig,
Because that Nature denyit had hir sight.
Thus dressit thay all furth, for dreig off deig,
The mussk, the lytill Mous with all hir might,
With haist scho haikit vnto that hill off hight,
And mony leynd off beistis I couth not knaw,
Befoir thair Lord the Lyoun thay loutit law.

Seing thir beistis all at hir bidding boun,
He gaif ane braid, and luikit him about.
Thay flatlingis to hir feit thay fell all doun,
For dreig off deith, thay droupit all in dout.
He luikit quhey that he saw thame lout,
And bad thame with ane countenance full sweit,
Be not effeirit, bot stand vp on your feit.

I lat zow wit, my micht is mercyabill,
And steiris mane that ar to me prostrait.
Angrie, austeire, and al a vnamyrabill,
To all that standis ay to myne estait.
I hug, I heis, all beistis that makis debait.
Agains the micht off my Magnyficence,
He mane pretend to preyd in my presence.

My Celsitude, and myn hie Maiestie.
With micht, and mercie myngit sall be ay.
The lawest thair I ran full sone vp hie,
And mak him maister ouer zow all I may.
The Dromedair gif he will mak stray,

The

The grit Camell, thocht he wer neuer sa crous.
I cay him law als lytill as ane Mous.

Se meir be twentie myllis quhair I ay,
The Kid ga faistlie be the gaittis syde.
The Tod Lowrie luke not to the lay.
Na renand beistis mouther Eyn, nor vyde.
Thay conclit all eftir that thig wes cryde.
The Justice bad the Court ffor to gar fence,
The sutis callit, and ffoirsalt all absence.

The panther with his payntit Coit Armour,
Fenyit the Court, as off the Law effeird.
Thy Tod Lowrie luikit quhair he couth lour,
And start on sutt, all stonist and all steird,
Eyisand his haiw, he cryit with ane reird,
Quaikand ffor dreid, and sichand couth he say,
Allace this hour, allace this dulefull day.

I wait this judgand Semblie that I
Haisand the pointis off ane parliament,
I maid to mak sic misdoare as me.
Thairfoir gyue I me schriw I will be schent,
I will be socht, and I be red absent.
To bydc, or ffle, it availis no remeid,
All is alyke, thir ffellowis not bot dreid.

Perplexit thus in his hart cay he mene,
Thocht ffalset how he micht him self defend
His hyde fra dreiw laich attour his Ene,

C 5 And

And winkand with ane Eye furth ȝe wend.
Clinschand ȝe come, that ȝe micht not be kend,
And for ȝeddour that ȝe sulȝ bene arretist,
Ye playit bukhude behind, ffra beist to beist.

O fylit Spreit, and cankrit Conscience,
Befoir ane Ey Renzeit with rightousnes,
Blakinnit cheikis, and schamefull countenance,
Fairweill thy fame now gone is all thy grace,
The phisnomie, the fauour off thy face,
For thy defence is foull and disfigurate,
Brocht to ȝe licht basit, blunt, and blait.

Be thow atteichit with thift, or with trechrie,
For thy misdeid wrangous, and wickit fay,
Thy cheir changis Lowrence, thow may luke douy,
Thy worschip of thir warld is went away.
Luke to thir Tod how he wes in effray,
And fle the filth of falset ffra the reid,
Quhairthrow thair fallowis fyn, and schamefull deid.

Compeirand thus before thair Lord and King.
Ilk ordour set as to thair estait effeird.
Of cuerilk kynd he gart ane part furth bring,
And awfullie he spak, and at thame spoird,
Gif thare wes ony kynd of beistis in eird,
Absent, and thairto gart thame deiplie sweir,
And thay said nane, except ane Stude gray Meir.

Ga maist ane messingar sone ...ito that Stude,
The

The Court thay cryit now see quha sall it be,
Cum furth Lowrie lurkand vnder the Lude,
Na Schir. mercie, lo I haue bot ane E,
Hurt in the hoche, and cruikit as ze may se.
The Wolff is better in Ambassatry,
And mair cunning in Clergie ser than I.

Kamp and he said, ga furth brybour ga baith,
And thay to ga. withowtin tarying,
Outer Roy and Rute thay ran togidder raith,
And fand the Meir at Schir meit in the morning.
Now (quod the Cod) Madame cum to the King,
The Court is callit, and ze ar Contumax
Let be Lowrence (quod scho) zour Cowrtlie Knaw.

Maistres (quod he) cum to the Court ze moy,
The Lyoun hes commandit so indeid.
Schir Cod tak ze the Flyrdome, and the Foy,
I haue respitt ane zeir, and ze will reid.
I can not spell (quod he) sa God me speid,
Heir is the Wolff, ane Nobill Clerk at all,
And of the Message is maid principall.

He is Autentik, and ane man of age,
And hes gait practik of the Chancellare.
Let him ga luke, and reid zour priuilage,
And I sall stand, and beir Witnes zow by.
Quhair is thy Respite (quod the Wolff) in hy?
Schir it is heir vnder my luft weill hid.

Hald

Hald vp thy Heid (quod he) and so sho did.

Thocht he wes blindit with pryde, zit he presumis,
To luke doun law, quhair that hir letter lay.
With that the meir gaid him vpon the gumis,
And strais the Tabell off his heid away
Haff out off sicht thair lenand doun he lay,
Allace (quod Lowrence) LUPUS, thow art loist.
His cunning quod the Meir) wes worth him coist.

Lowrence (quod sche) will thow luke on my letter,
Sey that the wolff ma thing thairoff can wryt?
Ma be Sanct Bryde (quod he) me think it better,
To sleip in Haill, nor in ane Hurt skyn.
And skrow hir hand, and thir wes writtin in,
For ffyue schillingis hir wald not anis ffortane him,
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautũ.

With brokin schap, and bludie cheikis reid,
Thir wrettchit wolff wp.ff wipand, thus on he went,
Off his meyne maikand to get remeid,
To tell the King the cace wes his Iutent.
Schir (quod the Cod) byde still vpon this bent,
And ffra your browis wesche away the blude.
And tak ane drink, ffor it will do zow gude.

To fetche water this ffraudfull Foxe furth fure,
Sydelingis abak he socht vnto ane syke.
Or cace he meittis cummand ffra the mure,
And Quip off Lambis dansand on ane dyke.

This

Thir Creatour God, thir Tirrane, and thir Tyke.
The fattest off thir flock, he ffellit haid.
And eit hir fill, syne to the Wolff he gaid.

Thay drank togidder, and syne thair Journey takis
Befoir the King, syne kneillit on thair kne.
Quhair is zone Meir, Schir Tod, wes Contumax?
Thay Lowrence said, my Lord, speir not at me.
Speir at zour Doctour off Diuinitie,
With his reid Cap can tell zow weill anewch.
With that the Zoung, and all the laif thay leuch.

Tell on the taid, now Lowrence let vs heir,
Thir wittie Wolff (quod he) thir Clerk off age,
On zour behalff he bad the Meir compeir.
And sche allegit to ane priuilage
Cum meir, and se, and ze sall saiff zour wage.
Because he red his riffrite plane and weill,
Zone reid Renat schoe raucht him with his heill.

The Zoung said, be zone reid Capis key,
Thir Caillis trew, quha tent vnto it takis.
The greitest Clerkis ar not the wysest mey.
The hurt off ane happit the vther makis.
Na thay wer carpand in this caice, with knakis,
And all the Court in meriness and in gam.
Ewa come the zow, the Weather off the Lam.

Befoir the Iustice on his kneis fell,
put out his playnt on this wyis wofully.

This

Thie harlet hureſone, and thie hound off hell.
Reuorit hee my Lamb full doggitly,
Within ane myle, in contrair to your cry.
For Goddis luſe, my Lord, giſ me the Law,
Off this lurker, with that Lowrence let draw.

Byde (quod the Lyoun) Lymmer let hee ſe,
Giff it be ſuthe the ſelie fow hee ſaid.
Na Soueranе Lord, ſaif your mercit (quod he.)
My purpois wes with him ſtor to haif plaid.
Cauſſes he fled as he had bene effraid,
For dreid off deith, he duſchit ouer ane dyke,
And brak his nek. Thow leis (quod ſchо ſale tyke.

His deith be practik may be preuit eith,
Thy gorrie gumis, and thy bludie ſnout.
The woll, the fleſche zit ſtikkis ey thy teith,
And that is euidence aneuch but dout.
The Juſtice bad ga cheis ane Aſſyis about.
And ſo thay did, and fand that he wes fale,
Off Murther, thift, fyking, and treſſoun ale.

Thay band him faſt, the Juſtice bad belyif,
To giſ tyte dome, and tak off all his claiis.
The Wolff that new maid Rectour couth him ſchrif
Syne furth him led and to the Gallous gaiis,
And at the ledder fute his leif he taiis.
The Aip wes Bowchеr and bad him ſone aſcend.
And hangit him, and thus he maid his end.

Moralitas.

Moralitas.

RIcht as the Mynour in his Minorall,
Fair gold with fyre may fra the Leid weill wyn.
Richt ſo vnder ane Fabill figurall,
Sad ſentence men may ſeik: and efter ſyne,
As daylie dois the Doctouris of Deuyne,
That to our leuing full weill can apply,
And paynt thair mater furth be Poetry.

The Lyoun is the warld be liknes,
To quhome loutis baith Empriour, and King,
And thinkis of this warld to get incres,
Thinkand daylie to get mair leuing.
Sum for to reull: and ſum to raxe and Ring.
sum gadderis geir: ſum Gold: ſum vther gude,
To wyn this warld, ſum wirkis as thay wer wod.

The Meir is Men of gude conditioun.
As Pilgrymes Walkand in this wildernes,
Approuand that for richt Religioun.
Thair God onlie to pleis in euerilk place,
Abſtractit from this warldis wretchitnes,
Fechtand with luſt, preſumptioun and pryde,
And fra this warld in mynd ar mortyfyde.

This Volf I likkin to Senſualitie,
As quhen lyke brutall beiſtis we accord,
Our mynd all to this warldis vanitie,
Lyking to tak, and loif him as our Lord,
Fle faſt thairfra, gif thow will richt remord,
Than ſall Reſſoun ryſe, Rax and Ring,
And for thy Saull thair is na better thing.

Hir

Hir Hufe I likkin to the thocht of deid.
Will thow remember, Man, that thow man de,
Thow may brek Senſualiteis heid,
And fleſchlie luſt away fra the ſall fle,
Fra thow begin thy mynd to mortifie.
Salomonis ſaying thow may perſaif heirin,
Think on thy end, thow ſall not glaidlie ſin.

This Tod I likkin to Temptationis,
Beirand to mynd mony thochtis vane,
Aſſaultand men with ſweit perſwaſionis,
Ay reddie for to trap thame in ane trayne.
Zit gif thay ſe Senſualitie neir ſlane,
And ſuddand deith draw neir with panis ſore,
Thay go abak, and temptis thame no moir.

O Mediatour mercifull, and meik,
Thow ſoueraigne Lord, and King Celeſtiall,
Thy celſitude maiſt humillie we beſeik,
Vs to defend fra pane and perreillis all.
And help vs vp vnto thy heuinlie hall,
In gloir, quhair we may ſe the face of God,
And thus endis the talking of the Tod.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Scheip, ād the Doig.

Esope ane Taill pultis in memorie,
How that ane Doig, becauſe that he wes pure,
Callit ane Scheip to the Conſiſtorie,
Ane certane Sutis ffra him ſtow to recure.
Ane fraudfull Wolff wes iuge that tyme, and bure,
Autoritie,

Authoritie, and Iurisdictioun.
And oy the Eschip send furth ane strait summoun.

For by the vse, and coure, and commoun style,
Oy this maner mais nie Citatioun.
I Maister Wolff partles off fraud and gyle,
Under the panis off nie Suspensioun,
Off grit Cursing and Intendictioun,
Eschir Eschip, I charge the, for to compeir,
And answer to ane Quoig befoir me Leir.

Eschir Corbie Rauin wes mais Apparitour,
Quha pykit lad ffull mony Eschipis &c.
The charge lee tane, and oy the letteris bure,
Summonit the Eschip befoir the Wolff, that he,
peremptourlie within tua dayis, ore thre,
Compeir vnder the panis in this bill,
To heir quhat Ierrie Quoig will say the till.

This Summondis mais befoir Witnes anew,
The Rauin as to his office weill effeird,
Indorsat lea the Write, and oy he schew.
The selie Eschip durst lay ma mouth oy eird,
Till he befoir the awfull Juge appeird.
The ourt off cause, quhilk that the Juge vsit thay
Quhey hesperus to schaw his face begay.

The Foxe wes Clerk, and Noter in the cause.
The Sleg, the Eruip at the Bar couth stand,
As Advocatis expert in to the Lawis,

The Pregis pley togidder tuke on hand,
Quhilk wer confidderit straitlie in ane band,
Againis the Defeip to procure the sentence.
Thocht it wes fals thay had na conscience.

The Clerk callit the Defeip, and he wes thair.
The Advocatis on this wyse couth propone.
Ane certane breif, worth fyve schilling or mair,
Thow aw the Pvig, off quhilk the termt is gone.
Off his awin heid but Advocate allone,
The Defeip anxsitlie gaif answer in the cace.
Heir I declyne the Juge, the tyme, the place.

This is my cause, in motive and effect.
The Lawis wis, it is richt pervillous,
Till enter in pley befoir ane Juge suspect.
And ze Schir Wolff, hes bene richt odious
To me, for with zour Tuskis rauenous.
Hes slane full mony kinnismen off myne.
Thairfoir Juge, as suspect, I zow declyne.

And schortlie, of this Court ze memberis all,
Baith Assessouris, Clerk, and Advocate,
To me, and myne, ar ennemies mortall,
And ay hes bene, as mony Defeipfeild wate.
The place is fer, the tyme is feriate.
Quhairfoir ma Juge suld sit in Consistory,
Sa lait at euin, I zow accuse effor thy.

Quhen that the Juge in this wyse wes accusit,
He bad the parteis deid with ane assent,

Quā

Fra Arbeteris, as in the Law is writ,
For to declair, and gif Arbitriment,
Quhidder the Scheip suld answer in Jugement,
Befoir the Wolff: and so thay did but weir,
Off quhome the Namis efterwart ze sall Heir.

The Weir, the Wrok, the Water tuke on hand,
For to discyde gif this exceptioun,
Wes off na strenth, nor lauchfully micht stand.
And thairupon as Iugis thay sat doun,
And held ane lang quhyle disputatioun,
Heikand full mony Decretis off the Law,
And Glosis alsa, the Veritie to knaw.

Of Ciuile Law Volumis full mony thay reuolue,
The Codicis, and Digestis new and ald.
Contrait, prostrait Argumentis thay resolue.
Sum obiecting, and sum cay hald.
For prayer, or price, trow ze that thay wald fald
Not hald the gloss, and Text of the Decreis,
As trew Jugis. I beschrew thame ay that leis.

Schortlie to mak ane end off this debait,
The Arbiteris thay sweirand plane.
The sentence gaue, and proces fulminait,
The Scheip suld pas befoir the Wolff agane,
And end his pley. Thay wes he nathing fane,
For ffra thair sentence couth he not appeill.
Oy Clerkis I do it, gif this sentence wes leill.

The Eglip agane befoir the Wolff derenzeit,
But Aduocate abasitlie couth stand.
Vp raiss the Doig, and ey the Eglip thus plenzeit,
And soumit I payit Laue befoir the Land,
For certane breid thairto ane Borrow Ee fand,
That wrangouslie the Eglip did Ialp tEe breid.
Quhilk Ee denzit: and thair begay the pleid,

And quhey the Eglip this stryif Iad contestait,
The Justice in tEe cause furth can procid.
Lowrence tEe actis, and tEe proces wrait,
And thus tEe pley vnto tEe end thay spreid.
This Cursit Court corruptit all ffor meid,
Agains gude faith, Law, and eik conscience,
For this falss Doig pronuncit tEe sentence.

And it till put to execution
The Wolff chargit the Eglip without delay,
Vndeir tEe panis offt Interdiction,
The soume offt siluer, or tEe breid to pay.
Offt this sentence (allace) quhat sall I say?
Quhilk dampnit Iee tEe selie Innocent,
And iustifyit tEe wrangous iugement.

The Eglip dreid and mair tEe execution,
Obeyand to tEe sentence, Ee couth tak.
His way vnto ane Meygand offt tEe Coun,
And saild the woll, that Ee bure vp his bak.
Syne boght the breid, and to tEe Doig couth mak,

Reddis

Meddie payment, as it commandit was.
Maikit and bair ſyne to the feild couth pas.

Moralitas.

THis ſelie Scheip may preſent the figure,
Of pure commounis that daylie ar oppreſt,
Be Tirrane men, quhilkis ſettis all thair cure,
Be fals meinis, to mak ane wrang conqueſt,
In hope, this preſent lyfe ſuld euer leſt.
Bot all begylit, thay will in ſchort tyme end,
And efter deith to leſtand panis wend.

This Volf, I likkin to ane Schiref ſtout,
Quhilk byis ane forfalt at the Kingis hand.
And hes with him ane curſit Aſſyis about,
And dytis all the pure men vp on land.
Fra the Crownar haif laid on him his wand,
Thocht he wer trew as euer wes ſanct Iohne,
Slane ſall he be, or with the Iuge compone.

This Rauin, I likkin to ane fals Crownair,
Quhilk hes ane portioun of the Inditement,
And paſſis furth befoir the Iuſtice air,
All miſdoaris to bring to Iugement.
Bot luke gif he wes of ane trew Intent,
To Scraip out Iohne, and wryte in Will, or Wat,
And tak ane bud at boith the parteis tat.

Of this fals rod of quhilk I ſpak befoir,
And of this gled, quhat thay micht ſignify.
Of thair nature, as now I ſpeik no moir.
Bot of this Scheip, and of his cairfull cry,

I ſall reheirs, for as I paſſit by,
Quhair that he lay on cais I lukit doun,
And hard him mak ſair lamentatioun.

Allace (quod he) this curſit Conſiſtorie,
In middis of the winter now is maid,
Quhen Boreas with blaſtis bitterlie,
And hard froiſtes, thir flouris doun can faid,
On bankis bair now may I mak na baid.
And with that word in to ane coif he crap,
Fra ſair wedder, and froiſtis him to hap.

Quaikand for cauld, ſair murnand ay amang,
Reſt vp his Ee vnto the heuinnis hicht.
And ſaid, Lord God, quhy ſleipis thow ſa lang:
Walk, and diſcerne my cauſe groundit on richt.
Se how I am be fraud, maiſtrie, and ſlicht,
Peillit full bair, and ſo is mony one,
Now in this warld, richt wonder wo begone.

Se how this curſit ſone of couetice,
Loiſt hes baith lawtie, and eik Law.
Now few, or nane will execute Iuſtice,
In falt of quhome, the pure man is ouerthraw.
The veritie ſuppois the Iuge it knaw,
He is ſo blindit with affectioun,
But dreid for micht he lettis the richt go doun.

Seis thow not (Lord) this warld ouerturnit is,
As quha wald change gude gold in leid or tyn,
The pure is peillit, the Lord may do na mis.
And Simonie is haldin for na ſyn.
Now is he blyith with okker maiſt may wyn.

Gentrice

Gentrice is ſlane, and pietie is ago.
Allace (gude Lord) quhy tholis thow it ſo?

Thow tholis this euin for our grit offence,
Thow ſendis vs troubill, and plaigis ſoir.
As hunger, derth, grit weir, or Peſtilence.
Bot few amendis now thair lyfe thairfoir.
We pure pepill as now may do no moir,
Bot pray to the, ſen that we ar oppreſt
In to this eirth, grant vs in heuin gude reſt.

FINIS.

¶ The Taill of the Lyoũ, & the Mous.

IN mid-day of June, that ſweit ſeaſoun,
Quhen that fair phebus with his bemis bricht,
Had dryit vp the dew ffra daill and doun,
And all the land maid with his bemis licht.
Ay ane morneng betuix mid day and nicht.
I raiſ and put all ſleuth, and ſleip aſyde.
And to ane Wod I went allone but gyde.

Sweit wes the ſmell off flouris quhyte and reid.
The' noyce off birdis wicht delitious
The bewis braid blomit abone my heid,
The' ground grew wand with gers gratious.
Off all pleſance, that place wes plentous,
With ſweit odouris, and birdis harmony,
The Morning Myld, my mirth wes mair for thy.

The Roſis reid awaxit on bone and ryce,
The pyrametus, and the purpour violat bla.

To heir it wes ane poynt off paradice,
Sic Mirth the Musis, and the Muse couth mak.
The blossummis blyth the brak up, on bank and bra,
The smell off herbis and off fowlis cry,
Contending quha sulde haue the victory.

Me to conserue thay ffra the sonis heit,
Vndir the schaddow off ane hawthorne grene,
I lenit doun amang the flouris sweit,
Hyne cled my heid, and closit baith my ene.
On sleip I fell amang thir bewis bene.
And in my dreme, me thocht come throw the schaw,
The fairest fee my that euer before I saw.

His gowne wes off ane claith, als quhyte as milk.
His Chemis wes off Chambelatt purpour Broun.
His hude off Scarlet, bordowrit weill with silk,
On hekillit wyis vp still his girdill doun.
His Bonat round, and off the auld fassoun.
His beird wes quhyte, his hair wes grit and gray,
With lokkis haire, quhilk ouer his schulderis lay.

Ane Roll off paper in his hand he bair.
Ane swannis pen stikand vndir his eir.
Ane Inkhorne, with ane prettie gilt pennair,
Ane bag off silk, all at his belt can heir.
Thus wes he gudelie grathit in his geir,
Off stature large, and with ane feirfull face.
Euin quhair I lay he come ane sturdie pace.

And

And saiꝺ, God speiꝺ my sone: and I wes fane
Off that couth word, and off his cumpany
With reuerence I saluist him agane,
Welcome Father: and he sat douy me by.
Displeis—yow not my gude maister, thocht I.
Demand youw birth, youre facultye, and maine,
Quhy ye come heir, or quhair ye dwell at hame?

My sone (saiꝺ he) I am off gentill bludꝺ.
My natiue land is Rome withoutin nay,
And in that Cowne first to the Sculis I zude,
My Ciuile Law studyit full mony ane day.
And now my winning is in Heuin ffor ay.
Æsope I hecht, my writing and my werk,
To couth and kend to mony cunning Clerk.

O Maister Æsope poet Lawriate,
God wait ye ar full deir welcum to me.
Ar ye not he that all thir Fabillis wrate,
Quhilk in effect suppois thay fenzeit be,
Ar full off prudence and moralitie?
Faire sone (saiꝺ he) I wis the samin may.
God wait gif that my hert wes meuit thay.

I saiꝺ, Æsope my maister venerabill,
I zow beseik hartlie ffor charitie,
Ye wald not disdayne to tell ane prettie Fabill,
Concluꝺ and with ane gude Moralitie.
Quhilk he his heiꝺ, he saiꝺ, my sone lat be,

For quhat is it worth to tell ane fenzeit taill,
Quhey ſaly ſueiſing may ma thing anaill?

Now in this warld me think richt few or mane.
To God is word that ſes deuotioun.
The eir is deif, the ſart is ſard as ſtane.
Now oppin ſin without correctioun.
The hart inclynand to the eirth ay doun.
Sa rouſtit is the warld with canker klak,
That now my taillis may lytill ſuccour mak.

Sis gentill Schir (ſaid I) for my requeiſt.
Not to diſpleis zour Fatherheid, I pray,
Vnder the figure off ane brutall beiſt,
Ane morall Fabill ze wald denze to ſay.
Quha wait, now I may leir and beir away
Sum thing thairby ſeiveſter may anaill?
I grant (quod he) and thus begouth ane taill.

ℂ The end of the Prolog, & beginis the Taill.

ANe Lyoun at his pray war foirrun,
Ouercumit his limmis and to reſt,
Beikand his breiſt, and belly at the Sun,
Vnder ane tre lay in the fair foreſt.
Swa come ane trip off Myis out off thair neſt.
Richt tait and trig, all ſanſand in ane grip,
And ouer the Lyoun ranſit thryis, or thryis.

He lay ſo ſtill, the Myis wes not effeird,

Bot to and fro out ouer Iiny tuke tAair trace.
Sum tirlit at tAe Campis off hir beird,
Sum spairit not to clauw hiny oy tAe face,
Merie and glaid, thus danſit thay ane ſpace,
Till at the laſt, the Nobill Lyoun woke,
And with his pouw, tAe maiſter Mous Ae tuke.

Sho gaut ane cry, and all tAe laif agaſt,
Thair dansing left, and hid thame ſone alquhair
Sho that wes tane, cryit and weipit faſt.
And said allace oftymes that ſho come thair.
Now ay tane ane vofull perſonair
And ffor myn gilt traiſtie tncontinent,
Off lyfe and deith, to thoill tAe Jugement.

Thay ſpak tAe Lyoun to that cairfull Mous.
Thow Catiue wretche, and vile vnworthie thing,
Outer malapart, and tik preſumpteous
Thow wes, to mak out ouer me thy tripping.
Knew thow not weill, t wes baith Lord and King.
Off beiſtis all. Sir (quod tAe Mous) J knaw.
Bot t miſknew, becauſe ze lay ſo law.

Lord, J beſeik thy Kinglie Royaltie,
Heir quhat t ſay, and tak in patience.
Conſidder fiſt my ſimple powertie,
And ſyne thy myghtie Hie Magnyfycence.
Se ala how thingis done off Negligence,
Vnthew off malice, nor of preſumptiony,
Thy vather ſuld haue grace and Remiſſiony.

Do

We wer wepleit, and had grit aboundance,
Off alkin thingis, sic as to ws effeird.
The sweit sesoun prouokit ws to dance,
And mak sic mirth as nature to ws leird.
Ze lay so still, and law vpoy tyt eird,
That be my sawll, we weind ze had bene deid.
Elles— wald we not haue dancit ouer zour heid.

Thy fals excuse, tyt Lyoun said againe,
Sall not auaill ane myte I vnderta.
I put tyt cace, I had bene deid, or slane,
And syne my skyn bene stoppit full off stra.
Thocht thow had found my figure lyand swa,
Because it bare tyt prent off my persoun,
Thow suld stor steir oy entis haue falliy doun.

For thy trespas thow cay mak na defence,
My Nobill persoun thus to vilipend.
Off thy feirie, nor thy awin negligence,
For to excuse thow cay na cause pretend.
Thairfoir tyow suffer sall ane schamefull end,
And deith, sic as to tressoun is decretit,
Vpoy tye Sallous haulit be tyt feit.

Ma mercie Lord, at tyy gentrice I ask,
As tyow art King off beistis Coronate,
Kober tyy wraith, and let it ouerpas,
And mak thy mynd to mercy Inclynate.
I grant offence is done to tyyne estate,

Quhairfoir

Quhairfoir 7 worthie am to ſuffer deid,
Bot gif tꝛ Kinglie mercie reik remeid.

Ay euerie Juge mercy and reuth ſuld be,
Ao Aſſeſſouris, and Collaterall.
Without mercie Juſtice is cruéltie,
Ao ſaid is in tꝛe Lawis ſpeciall.
Quhey Rigour ſittis in tꝛe Tribunall,
The equitie off Law quha may ſuſtene?
Richt few or nane but mercie gang betwene.

Aſſwa ze knaw tꝛe Honour Triumphall,
Off all Victour, vpoy tꝛe ſtrenth depend
Off hir conqueiſt, quhilk manlie in battell,
Throw Jeopardie of weir lang defendis.
Quhat pryce or louing quhey tꝛe battell endis,
To ſaid off him, that ouercummis ane may,
Him to defend quhilk nouther may, nor cay

Ane thowſand Myis to kill, and eik dewoir,
Ja lytill manheid to ane ſtrang Lyoun.
Full lytill worſchip ſaue ze wyn thairfoir,
To quhais ſtrenth is na compariſoun:
It will degraid ſum part off zour renoun,
To ſla ane mous, quhilk may mak na defence,
Bot aſſiand mercie at zour excellence.

Aſſo it ſemis not zour Eſſitude,
Quhilk vſis daylie meitting delitious,
To fyle zour teith, or lippis with my blude,

Quhilk

Quhilk to zour stomok is contagious.
Quhairfum meit is of ane sarie Mous,
And that namelie Quntill ane strang Lyoun,
Wont till be fed with gentill Venneson.

My lyfe is lytill worth, my deith is lea.
Sit and I leif I may peraduenture
Cupple zour Liones beand in distres,
Few oft is sene, ane mous off small stature,
Releve wit lea ane Lord off hie honour,
Keipit that wee in poynt to be ouerthrawin.
Throw missfortoun sic cace may be zour awin.

Quhey thir wes said, the Lyoun his language
Paissit, and thocht according to ressone.
And gart mercie his cruell ire assuage,
And to the Mous grantit remissioun.
Oppinnit his pow, and schoy knis fell doun,
And baith his Quidis unto the heuin Vpheild,
Cryand, Almichty God mot zour ffoirzeild.

Quhey schi wes gone, the Lyoun Ietis to Iunt,
For he had meyt, bot leuit on his pray
And slew baith tayme and wyld, as he wes wont,
And in the cuntrie maid ane grit deray.
Till at the: last, the pepill fand the way,
Thir cruell Lyoun how that thay mycht tak.
Off hemyng cordis strang Netlis couth thay mak.

And in ane stod, quhair he wes wont to ryn,

With

With Paipis rude ffra tre to tre it band.
Syne keft ane Range oy raw the wod within,
With hornis blast, and Kennettis fast calland.
The Lyonn fled, and throw the Roy rynnand,
Fell in the Net, and hankit fute and heid,
For all his ſtrenth he couth mak na remeid.

Welterand about with hiddone rummiſſing,
Quhyle to, quhyle ffra, quhill he myght ſuccour get.
Bot all in vane, it vailzeit him na thing.
The mair he ſlang, the faſter wes the Net,
The Paipis rude wes ſa about him plet,
Oy euerilk ſyde, that ſuccour ſaw he mane,
Bot ſtyll lyand, and murnand maid his mane.

O ſamit Lyonn liggand heir ſa law,
Quhair is the myght off thy Magnyfycence?
Off quhome all brutall beiſt in eird ſtude aw,
And dred to luke vpoy thy Excellence.
But hoip, or help, but ſuccour, or defence,
Iy bandis ſtrang heir may I ly (allace)
Till the be ſlane, I ſe nane vther grace.

Thair is na wy that will my harmis wreik,
Nor creature do confort to my Evouy.
Quha ſall me bute? quha ſall my bandis breik?
Quha ſall me put fra pane off this treſouy?
Be he had maid this lamentatiouy,
Throw auenture, the lytill Mous come neir,

And

And eff the Lyoun Lard the pietuous beir.

And ſuddanlie it come in till Sir mynd,
That it ſald be the Lyoun dis Sir grace,
And ſaid, nou wer I fals, and richt unkynd,
Bot gif I quit ſumpart vff thy gentrace,
Thou did to me: and vy this way ſcho gais,
To hir fellowis and vy thame faſt can cry.
Cum help, cum help, and thay come all in hy.

Lo (quod the Mous) this is the ſamin Lyoun,
That grantit grace to me, quhen I was tane.
And nou is faſt Eir bundin in preſoun,
Brekand his hart, with ſair murning and mane.
Bot we him help vff ſouccour wait he mane.
Cum help to quyte ane gude turne for ane uther.
So ſoue him ſone, and thay ſaid ze gude brother.

Thay tuke na kyrfe, thair teith was ſcharpe anewch:
Quhe that ſicht, forſuith it was grit Wounder,
How that thay ran amang the rapis trewch,
Befoir, behind, ſum zeid about, ſum under.
And ſchuir the raipis vff the net in ſchunder.
Syne bad him ryſe, and he ſtart up anone,
And thankit thame, ſyne vy his way is gone.

Now is the Lyoun fre vff all danger,
Lowe and delyuerit to his libertie,
Be lytill beiſtis vff ane ſmall power.
Ane ze haue Lard, becauſe he had pitie.

(Quod

(Quod I Maiſter ie thair ane moralitie
Jy this Fabill? ze ſone (he ſaid) right gude.
I pray zow & ſchir (quod I) ze wald conclude.

Moralitas.

AS I ſuppois, this mychtie gay lyoun,
May ſignifie ane Prince, or Empriour.
ane poteſtate, or zit ane king with Croun,
Quhilk ſuld be walkrife gyde, and Gouernour,
Of his pepill that takis na labour
To reule, and ſteir, the land, and Iuſtice keip,
Bot lyis ſtill in luſtis, ſleuth, and ſleip.

The fair Foreſt with leuis lowne and le,
With foulis ſang, and fleuris ferlie ſweit,
Is bot the wauld, and his proſperitie,
As fals pleſance myngit with cair repleit.
Richt as the Rois, with froiſt, and wynter weit
Faidis, ſwa dois the wauld, and thame defauis,
Quhilk in thair luſtis maiſt confidence hauis.

Thir lytill Myis, ar bot the commountie,
Wantoun, vnwyſe, without correctioun.
Thair Lordis, and Princis quhen that thay ſe,
Of Iuſtice mak nane executioun,
Thay dreid na thing to mak Rebellioun,
And diſobey: for quhy thay ſtand nane aw,
That garris thame thair Soueranis miſknaw.

Be this rabill, ze Lordis of prudence,
May conſidder the vertew of Pietie.
And to remit ſumtyme ane grit offence,
And mitigate with mercy crueltie.

Oftymis is ſene ane man of ſmall degre,
Hes quit ane kinbute baith of gude and ill.
As Lord hes done Rigour, or grace him till.

Quha wait how ſone ane Lord of grit Renoun,
Rolland in wardlie luſt, and vane pleſance,
May be ouerthrawin, deſtroyit, and put doun,
Throw fals fortoun? quhilk of all variance
Is haill maiſtres, and leidar of the dance
Till Iniuſt men, and blindis thame ſo ſoir.
That thay na perrell can prouyde befoir.

Thir rurall men, that ſtentit hes the Net,
In quhilk the Lyoun ſuddandlie wes tane:
Waittit alway amendis for to get.
(For hurt men wrytis in the Marbill ſtane)
Mair till expound, as now I lett allane.
Bot King and Lord may weill wit quhat I mene:
Figure heirof oftymis hes bene ſene.

Quhen this wes ſaid (quod Eſope) my fair child,
I the beſeik, and all men for to pray,
That treſſoun of this cuntrie be exyld,
And Iuſtice regne, and Lordis keip thair fay
Vnto thair Souerane King baith nycht and day.
And with that word he vaniſt, and I woke.
Syne throw the Schaw my Iourney hamewart tuke.

FINIS.

The Preiching of the Swallow.

The fyt prudence, and wirking mervelous,
The profound wit off God omnipotent,

Ie ſa perfyte, and ſa ingenious,
Excellent ffar all mannis Jugement.
For quhy to him all thing is ay preſent,
Eyght as it is, or ony tyme ſall be,
Befoir the ſicht off his Diuinitie.

Thairfoir our Saull with Senſualitie,
Be felterit is in preſoun Corporall,
We may not cleirlie Vnderſtand, nor ſe
God, as he is, nor thingis Celeſtiall,
Our mynd and Sensis corpis Naturall,
Blindis the Spirituall operationis,
Lyke as ane may Wox blindis in preſonis.

Ay Metaphiſik Ariſtotell ſayis,
That mannis Saull is lyke ane Bakkis Ee,
Quhilk lukis ſtill, als lang as licht off day is,
And in the gloming cummis furth to flie.
Hir Ene ar waik, the Sone ſcho may not ſe.
Sa is our Saull with fantaſie oppreſſit,
To knaw the thingis in nature manifeſt.

For God is in his power Infinite:
And mannis Saull is febill, and ouer ſmall,
Off Vnderſtanding waik, and Vnperfite
To comprehend him that contenis all.
Mane ſuld preſume be reſſonis naturall
To ſeirche the ſecretis off the Trinitie,
Bot know ſamekle, and lat all reſſonis be.

Zit neuerthelese we may haif knawlegeing
Off God almychtie, be his Creatouris.
That he is gude, ffair, wyis and bening,
Exempill tak be thir Jolie flouris,
Bricht sweit off smell, and plesant off colouris.
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpour, quhyte, and reid,
Thus distribute be gift off hie Godheid.

The firmament payntit with sternis cleir,
From eist to west rolland in cirkill round.
And euerilk planet in his proper Sphein,
Ty moving makand Harmonie and sound.
The fyre, the Air, the Watter, and the ground.
Till vnderstand it is aneuch, I wis,
That God in all his Werkis Wittie is.

Luke weill the fische that swimmis in the se.
Luke weill in eirth all kynd off beistis all.
The foulis ffair sa sorcelie thay fle,
Scheddand the air with pennis grit and small.
Tyne luke to may, that ye maid last off all,
Luke to his Image, and his similitude,
Be thir we knaw, that God is ffair and gude.

All Creatur ye maid ffor the behuse
Off man, and to his suppertatiouy,
Ty to thir eirth, baith vnder and abuse,
In number, weght, and dew proportiouy.
The difference off tyme, and ilk seasouy,

Concordand

Concordand till ouir opurtunitie.
And daylie be experience we may se.

The Somir with hir Jolie mantill off grene,
With flouris fair furrit on euerie sent.
Quhille Flora Goddes off the flouris Quene,
Hes to that Lord as ffor hir seasoun lent.
And phebus with his goldin bemis gent,
Hes purfellit and paintit plesandly.
With leit and moyst ure stilland ffrom the sky

Syne harvest hait, quhen Ceres that Goddes
Hir barnis benit hes with abundance.
And Bacchus God off wyne vene wit hes
The tume peyris, in Italie, and France,
With wynis wicht, and liquour off plesance.
And Copia temporis to fill hir horne,
Thit never wes full off quheit, nor vther corne

Syne wynter way, quhen Austrine Eolus,
Gois off the wynd with blastis boreall,
The grene garment off Somer glorious,
Hes all to vent, and reuin in peces small.
Thair flouris fair faidit with freist, may fall.
And birdis blythe changit thair moitis sweit,
In sighis mourning, meiv slane with snaw, and sleit.

The dalis deip with dubbis drounit ie.
Baith hill and holt heillit with frostis hair.
And bewis bent laisit baith off blis,
Be wicket windis off the wynter wair.

All wyld beistis thay ffrom the bentis bair
Drawis ffor dett vnto thair dennis deip,
Cowchand ffor cauld in roisis thame to keip.

Syne cummis Ver, quhen winter is away,
The Secretar off Cornis with his Sell.
Quhen Columbie vp keikis throw the clay,
Quhilk fleit wes befoir with froistis fell.
The Mauis, and the Merle, beginnis to. melk:
The Larke on loft, with vthers birdis haill,
Thay drawis furth ffra dynne, ouer doun and daill.

That samin seasoun, in to ane soft morning,
Nyght blyth that bitter blastis wer ago,
Vnto the wod to se the flouris spring,
And heir the Mauis sing, and birdis mo
I passit ffurth, syne lukit to and ffro
To se the soill, that wes richt sessonabill,
Sappie, and to resaue all seidis abill.

Moving thus gait grit mervell I tuke in mynd
Off laboraris to se the besines.
Sum makand dyke, and sum the pleuch thay wynd,
Sum sawand seidis fast ffrome place to place.
The harrowis hoppand in the sawaris trace.
It wes grit Ioy to heir that huisit corne,
To se thame laubour, baith at euin and morne.

And as I baid vndir ane bank full bene,
Iy hart gritlie reiosit off that sight.

Vnto

Vnto ane hedge, vnder ane hawthorne grene
Off smiall birdis thair come ane ferlie flight.
And doun befyll can oy the seistis sight,
Oy euerilk hyde about ane quhair hyd hes,
Eyght mervellous ane meikill multitude.

Amang the quhillis, ane Swallow sould couth cry,
Oy that Hawthorne hir in the cwoip sittand.
O ze Birdis oy bewis, heir me hy,
Se sall weill know, and wyislie vnderstand,
Quhair dangeris, or perrell appeirand,
It is grit wisedome to prouyde befoir,
Eir todemoyd, ffordreid it hurt zow mair.

Sche Swallow (quod the Lark agane) and lough
Quhat haue ze sene, that causis zow todreid?
Se ze zone Thrwll (quod sche) beyond zone pleugh.
Fast sawand hemp, and gude linget seid.
Zone lint will grow in lytill tyme in deid,
And thairoff will zone Thrwll hir Nettis mak,
Vnder the quhilk he thinkis vs to tak.

Thairfoir Freid we pas quhen he is gone,
At euin, and with our maillis schirp and small,
Out off the eirth scharp we zone seid aneuo,
And eit it vp, ffor gif it growis, we sall
Haue cause to weip heirefter ane and all.
Sche we remeid thairfoir ffurth with Instante,
Nam leuius lædit quicquid præuidimus antè.

For Clerkis sayis, it is moist sufficient
To consider ther that is befoir thyne &c.
Bot prudence is ane inwart Argument,
That garris ane may prouyde and foirse,
Quhat gude, quhat euill is liklie ffor to be,
Off euerilk thing behalds the fynall end.
And swa ffra perrell the better him defend.

The Lark laughand the Swallow thus couth scorne
And said sche fischit lang befoir the Net.
The barne is eith to buske that is vnborne.
All growis moist, that in the ground is set.
The mek to stoup quhen it the straik sall get,
Ja sone anewch: deith on the fayest fall.
Thus scornit thay the Swallow ane and all.

Perseving thus hir helthsum document
The foulis fewlie tuke thair flight anone,
Sum with ane bir thay braid it ouer the bent:
And sum agane ar to the grene wod gone.
Vpon the land quhair I was left allone,
I tuke my club, and hamewart couth I carie
Swa ferliand, as I had sene ane farie.

Thus passit furth quhill I cum that folie lyde,
And seidis that wer sawin off beforne,
Wer growin hie, that hairis mycht thame hyde:
And ale the Quailzie crailand in the corne.
I mouit furth betuix midday and morne,

Vnto the sedge vnder the hawthorne grene,
Quhair I before the said birdis had sene.

And as I stude be auenture and cace,
The samin birdis as I haif said zow aire,
I spyit, because it was thair hanting place,
Mair off succour, or zit mair solitaire,
Thay lychtit doun: and quhen thay lychtit waire,
The Swallow swyth put furth ane pietuous pyme,
Said, wo is him can not be war in tyme.

O blind birdis, and full off negligence,
Vnmyndfull off zour awin prosperitie.
Lift vp zour sight, and tak gude aduertence,
Luke to the Lint, that growis on zone le.
Sone is the thing I bad forsuith, that we
Quhill it was seid sulde vute furth off the eird.
Now is it Lint: now is it hie on breird.

So zit, quhill it is tendre and small,
And pull it vp, let it na mair increse.
Our flesche growis, our bodit quailzie all,
Thinkand on it to mis not sleip in peis.
Thay cryit all, and bad the Swallow ceis.
And sais, zone Lint scheirar will do vus,
Zour Linget is to sklill bir dis vus,

We think quhen that zone Lint bollis ar ripe,
To mak vs cleith, and fill vs off victuallis,
Magre zont Churll, and on it sing and pype.

Weill (quod the Swallow) freindes hardilie beis.
So as ze will, bot certane sair I dreid,
Heirefter ze sall find als sour, as sweit,
Quhen ze ar spel3it on zone Carlis speit.

The awner off zone lint, ane soulter is,
Richt cautelous, and full off subteltie.
His pray full sendill tymis will he mis,
Bot giff we birdis all the warrer be.
Full mony off our kin he hes gart de
And thocht it bot ane spurt to spill thair blude.
God keip me ffra him, and the halie Rude.

Thir small birdis hauand bot lytill thocht
Off perrell that mycht fall be auenture,
The counsell off the Swallow set at nocht,
Bot tuke thair flicht, and furth togi3der fure.
Sum to the wode sum markit to the mure.
I tuke my staff, quhen this wes sai3d and done,
And walkit hame, ffor it drew neir the none.

The Lynt wyvit, the Carll pullit the Lyne:
Hippillit the bollis, and in beitis set.
It steipit in the burne, and dryit syne:
And with ane bittill knokkit it, and bet.
Syne swingillit it weill, and hekkillit in the flet.
His wyfe it spray, and twynit it in to threid.
Off quhilk the Fowlar Nettis maid in deid.

The wynter come, the wickit wind can blaw:

The

The woddie grene wes wallowit with the weit.
Baith firth and fell with frois wes maid faw,
Slonkis and slaik maid sli Strie with the sleit.
The foulie ffair ffor falt thay ffell off feit.
Oy bewie bair it wes na bute to byde,
Bot hyit vnto housis thame to hyde.

Suny in the bawy, sum in the ffak off corne,
Thair lugting tuke, and maid thair residence.
The Fowlar saw, and grit aithis hes sworne,
Thay suld be tane twelvie ffor thair expence.
His Nettis hes he set with diligence,
And in the snaw he schulit hes ane plane,
And heillit it all outw with calf agane.

Thir small birdis seand the calff wes glaid.
Trowand it had bene corne, thay lychtit doun.
Bot of the Nettis na presume thay hid,
Nor of the Fowlaris fals Intentioun.
To scraip, and seik thair meit thay maid thame boun,
The Swallow oy ane lytill branche neir by,
Preid and forgyte, thus loud oy thame couth cry.

Unto that calf scraip quhill 3onr maillis bleid,
Thair is na corne, 3e labour all in vane.
Trow 3e 3one Churll for pietie will 3ow feid.
Na, na, he hes it fair layit for ane trane.
Remeid Preid, or ellis 3e will be slane.
His Nettis he hes set full prinely.

Eddie

Reddie to draw: in tyme be war ffor thy.

Swit fule is he that ruttis in dangeir
His lyfe, his honour, ffor ane thing off nocht.
Swit fule is he, that will not glaidle heir
Counsall in tyme, quhill it auaill him nocht.
Swit fule is ȝe, that ȝea ma thing in thocht,
Bot thing present: and eftir quhat may fall,
Nor off the end ȝea ma memoriall.

Thir smali birdis ffor ȝunger famischit wein,
Full besie scraipand ffor to seik thair fude.
The counsall off the Swallow wald nocht ȝein.
Suppois thair labour dyd thame lytill gude.
Quhey schu thair fulische ȝartis vnderstude
Sa indurate, vp in ane tre schu flew.
With that thir Churll ouer thame his Nettis drew,

Allace it wes grit hart sair for to se
That bludie Bowsteour beit thay birdis doun.
And ffor till ȝein, quhey thay wist weill to be,
Thair cairfull sang and lamentatioun.
Sum with ane staf ȝe straik to eirth on swoun:
Off sum the heid ȝe straik: off sum ȝe brak the cray:
Sum half on lyfe, ȝe stoppit in his bag.

And quhey the Swallow saw that thay wer deid.
Lo (quod scho) thus it happinnis mony syis,
On thame that will not tak counsall nor reid
Off prudent men, or Clerkis that ar wyis.

This

Thir grit perrell I tauld thame mair thay thryis.
Now ar thay deid, and wo is me thairfoir.
Eſo tuke hir flight, bot I hir ſaw no moir.

Moralitas.

LO worthie folk Eſope that Nobill clerk,
Ane Poet worthie to be Lawreate.
Quhen that he waikit from mair autentik werk,
With vther ma, this foirſaid Fabill wrate.
Quhilk at this tyme may weill be applicate,
To gude morall edificatioun,
Haifand ane ſentence, according to reſſoun.

This Carll, and bond of gentrice ſpoliate,
Sawand this calf, thir ſmall birdis to ſla.
It is the Feind, quhilk fra the Angelike ſtate,
Exylit is, as fals Apoſtata.
Quhilk day and nycht weryis not for to ga,
Sawand poyſoun in mony wickit thocht,
In mannis Saull, quhilk Chriſt full deir hes bocht.

And quhen the ſaull, as ſeid in to the eird,
Geuis conſent vnto delectioun,
The wickit thocht beginnis for to breird,
In deidlie ſin, quhilk is dampnatioun.
Reſſoun is blindit with affectioun.
And carnall luſt grouis full grene and gay,
Throw conſuetude hantit from day to day.

Proceding furth be vſe and conſuetude,
The ſin ryipis, and ſchame is ſet on ſyde.
The Feynd plettis his Nettis ſcharp and rude,

And

And vnder pleſance preuilie dois hyde,
syne on the feild he ſawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tume and verray vanitie,
Of fleſchlie luſt, and vaine proſperitie.

Thir hungrie birdis, wretchis we may call,
Ay ſcraipand in this warldis vane pleſance.
Greddie to gadder gudis temporall,
quhilk as the calf, ar tume without ſubſtance.
Lytill of auaill, and full of variance.
Lyke to the mow, befoir the face of wind
quhiſkis away, and makis wretchis blind.

This Swallow quhilk eſchaipit is the ſnair.
The halie Preichour weill may ſignifie.
Exhortand folk to walk, and ay be wair
fra Nettis of our wickit enemie.
Quha ſleipis not, bot euer is reddie,
Quhen wretchis in this warld calf dois ſcraip,
To draw his Net, than thay may not eſchaip.

Allace quhat cair, quhat weiping is and wo,
Quhen Saull and bodie departit ar in twane?
The bodie to the wormis Keitching go:
The Saull to Fyre to euerleſtand pane.
Quhat helpis than this calf, thir gudis vane?
quhen thow art put in Luceferis bag,
And brocht to hell, and hangit be the crag.

Thir hid nettis for to perſaue and ſe,
This farie calf wyillie to vnderſtand:
Beſt is bewar, in maiſt proſperitie,
For in this warld thair is na thing leſtand.

Is na man wait how lang his ſtait will ſtand,
His lyfe will leſt, nor how that he ſall end:
Efter his deith nor quhidder he ſall wend.

Pray we thairfoir quhill we ar in this lyfe,,
For four thingis: the firſt, fra ſin remufe.
The ſecund is, fra all weir and ſtryfe,
The thrid is, perfite cheritie and lufe.
The feird thing is, and maiſt for our behufe,
That is in blis with Angellis to be fallow.
And thus endis the preiching of the Swallow.

FINIS.

The Taill of the wolf, that gat the Nekherig, throw the wrikis of the Foxe, that begylit the Cadgear.

QVhylum thair Wynnit ane Wilderneſs,
(&c. Argue Authour expreſſlie can declair)
Ane reuerend Elfſ, that lenit Eroy furgis,
Ay beſtiall, and maid him meill to ſtair.
Ane mane ſa big about him he wald ſtair,
And he war hungrie, outher ſtarr ſaiour, or feid,
Vt in his wraith he wald it thame to deid.

Ewa happinnit him in walking as he went,
To meit ane Foxe in midſtreſſ the way.
He him forfaw, and feingeit to be ſchent,
And with ane leip, he bad the Elfſ gude day.
Welcum to me (quod he) thow Ruſſell gray.

Syne

Syne loutit douy, and tuke him be the hand.
Reise vp Lowrence, I leif the for to stand.

Quhair ye the lowe bene thir seasoun ffra my sight
Thow sall beir office, and my Stewart be.
For thow can knap douy Caponis ey the night,
And sourand law thow can gar sennis de.
Schir (said the Foxe) that ganis not for me.
And I am wod, gif thay me se ey far,
That at my figure, beist and bird will skar.

Na (quod the Wolff) thow can ly couert creip
Vpoy thy wame, and lint thame be the heid.
And mak ane sudand schow vpoy ane scheip,
Syne with thy wappinnis wirrie him to deid.
Schir (said the Foxe) ye knaw my Roib is reid.
And thairfoir thair will na beist abyde me,
Thocht I wald be sa fals as ffor to hyde me.

Fie (quod the Wolff) throw buskis & throw braiis
Law can thow lour, to come to thy Intent.
Schir (said the Foxe) ye wait weill how it gais,
And lang space ffra thame thay will feill my sent.
Thay will thay eschaip, suppois I suld be schent.
And I am schamefull ffor to cum behind thame,
Ay to the feild thocht I suld steip and find thame.

Na (quod the Wolff) thow can cum ey the wind,
Ffor euerie wicht forsuith thow sees ane wyle.
Schir (said the Foxe) that beist ye micht call blind
That

That micht not eschaip thay ffra me ane myle.
How micht I ane vff thame that wyis begyle?
My tippit twa eiris, and my twa gray Ene,
Sarris me be kend, quhair I wes neuer sene.

Thay (said the Wolff) Lowrence, I heir the le,
And cassys ffor perrellis thy ginnes to defend.
Bot all thy senzes sall not auaill the,
Abont the busk with wayis thocht thow wend.
Fallet Will failze ay at the lattir end:
To bow at bidding, and by de not quhill thow brest,
Thairfoir I giff the counsall ffor the best.

Schir (said the Foxe) it is Lentring ze so,
I cay micht fische, ffor weiting vff my feit,
To tak ane Banestikill, thocht we baith suld de.
I haue mant vther craft to win my meit.
Bot wer it passe, that mety ful & pultrie cit
As Kiddis, Lambis, or Caponis ly to ply,
To beir zour office thay wald I not set by.

Thay (said the Wolff) ly wraith wenis thow with
And with thy meny mowis me to mat. (wyle,
It is ane auld Dog, doutles that thow begylis:
Thow wenis to draw the stra befoir the cat.
Schir (said the Foxe) God wait I mene not that,
For and I did, it wer weill worth that ze,
Ly ane reid Paip had tyit me till ane tre.

Bot non I se, he is ane fule perfay,

That with hie maister fallis in reasoning.
I dio bot till assay quhat ze wald say,
God wait my mynd were oy ane uther thing.
I sall fulfill in all thing zour biodding,
Quhat euer ze charge oy nichtis or oy dayis.
Weill (quod the Wolff) I treis weill quhat thow sayis.

Bot zit I will, thow mak to me ane aith,
For to be leill attour all leuand leid.
Heir (said the Foxe) that ane word make me wraith
For now I se, ze laue me at ane dreid.
Sit sall I sweir, suppois it be mogst meid.
Be Iuppiter, and oy pane off my heid,
I sall be trew to zou, quhill I be deid.

With that ane Cadgear, with capill, and with creillis
Come carpand furth: thay Lawrence culd him spy?
The Foxe the fleuer off the fresche hering feillis,
And to the wolff he roundis priuely.
Heir, zone ar hering the Cadgear carryis by.
Thairfoir I reid, that we se fer sum way,
To get sum fische eganis thir fasting dayis.

Gey I am Stewart, I wald we had sum stuff.
And ze ar siluer scheit, I wait richt weill.
Mogst we wald thig, zone vntrew churlische guff.
He will not giff vs ane hering off his creill,
Befoir zone churle oy kneis thogst we wald kneill.
Bot zit I trow assone that ze sall se,

Siff

Siff I may evaſt, to bleiv gone Earlie &c.

Eſſie, ane thing ie, and we get eff zone pelff
&c may tak trauell, and mak ane ſuny ſupple.
For he that will not laubour, and help him ſelff,
Ay to thir dayis he is not werth ane fle.
I think to work als beſie as ane Be.
And ze ſall follow ane lytill efterwart,
And gadder hering, ffor that ſall be zour part.

With that he keſt ane cumpas ffar about,
And ſtraucht him doun in middis off the way.
As he wer deid, he fenzeit him but dout.
And thay quhyte he turnit up, off his euetuy.
His toung out hang and handbreid off his heid.
And ſtill he lay, als ſtraucht as he wer deid.

The Cadgear fand the Foxe, and he was ſune,
And till him ſelf, thus ſoftlie can he ſay.
At the nixt bait in faith ze ſall be ſlane,
And off zour ſkyn I ſall mak mittenis tway.
He lap full lichtlie about him quhair he lay,
And all the trace he trippit on his taie,
As he had hard ane ryper ryme he gaie.

Heir lyis the Tenyll (quod he) deid in and tyke.
Sic ane ſelcouth ſan I not thir ſeuin zeir.
I traw ze haue bene tuſſillit with ſum tyke,
That garrie zou ly ſa ſtill without ony ſteir.

Schir Foxe, in faith ze ar deir welcum heir
Jt is sum wyfis malisone, J trow,
For pultrie pyking that lychtit hes oy zour.

Thair sall na pedder, for pure, nor zit for glusis,
Nor zit ffor poyntis pyke zour pellet ffra me.
J sall eff it mak mittenis to my lusis,
Till hals my handis hair quhair euer J be.
Till Flanderis sall it neuer saill tyme se.
With that in hy, he hint him be the heillis,
And with ane swak he swang him oy the creillis.

Syne be the heid the horss in hy hes hint.
The fraudfull ffoxe thairto gude tent tes tane.
And with his teith tyme stoppell or he stint,
Pullit out, and syne tyme hering ane, and ane,
Out off the creillis he swakkit douy gude wane.
The wolff wes war, and gadderit spedilie.
The Cadgear sang, huntis up, up oyoy hie.

Sit at ane burne the Cadgear lukit about.
With that the ffoxe sax quyte tyme creillis ffray.
The Cadgear wald haue raucht tyme ffoxe ane rout.
Bot all ffor nocht, he way his will that day.
Thay with ane schout, thus cay the Cadgear say.
Abyde and thou ane Mekhering sall haif,
Jis worth my Capill, Creillis, and all tyme laif.

Now (quod tyme ffoxe) J schrew me, and we meit.
J hard quhat thou hecht to do with my skyn.

Thy Landis sall neuer in thay mittinnis tak keit,
And thow wer kangit Carll, and all thy kyn.
So furth thy mercat, at me thow sall most wyn.
And sell thy hering thow kes thair, till kir price
Ellis thow sall wyn most on thy merchandis.

The Cadgear trimmillit for teyne quhair that he
Fit is weill wort kit (quod he) I want sone tyke, (stude.
That had most in my hand sa mekill gude,
A staff, or sting, sone truker for to styrke.
With that lychtlie he lap out outr ane dyke.
And takkit doun ane staff, ffor he wes tene.
That kenit wes, and off the Holyne grene.

With that the ffoye unto the Wolff could wend.
And fand him be the kering, quhair he lyis.
Schir (sais he thay) mais not fair defend.
Ane wicht may wantit neuer, and he wer wyis.
Ane hardie hart is hard for to suppryis.
(Thay sais the Wolff) thow art ane Berne full bald.
And wyse at will, in gude tyme be it tald.

Bot quhat wes sone the Carll cryit on hie,
And schuke his hand, quod he hes thou no feill?
Schir (sais the Foye) that I can tell trewlie.
He sais, the Nekhering wes in till the creill.
Kennis thou that hering: ze Schir, I ken it weill.
And at the creill mouth I had it thryis but dout.
The wecht off it neir tit my tuskis out.

Now suithlie Schir, micht we that hewing fang,
It wald be fische to ga thir fourtie dayis.
Thay (said the Wolff) nou God nou that I hangs
Bot to be thair, I wald gif all my clayis.
Sa se gif that my wappinnis micht it vaic.
Schir (said the ffoye) God wit, I wischit zou oft,
Quhen that my pith micht not beir it vp loft.

It is ane syde off Grimond, as it wair,
And callour, pypand lyke ane pertrik &c.
It is worth all the hering ze haue thair.
Se and we had it swa, is it worth sic thre.
Thay (said the Wolff) quhat counsell geuis thou me
Schir (said the ffoye) wirk eftir my deuyis,
And ze sall haue it, and tak zou na suppryis.

First, ze may cast ane cumpas far about.
Syne straucht zou doun in mid dis off the way.
Baith heid, and feit, and taill ze ma ly streik out.
Hing furth zour toung, and cloiss wtill zour ene tway.
Syne se zour heid vp ane hard place ze lay
And duik not for na prewell may appeir,
Bot kald zou cloiss, quhen that the Carll cummis neir.

And thocht ze se ane ffyr, haue ze na dout.
Bot kald zou wndir stilling to that fyr.
And lat zour ene be cloiss, as thay wer out.
And se that ze ly weill mouthe fute, nor heid,
Thay will the Cadgear Carli trou ze be deid,
And ay till haist will lint zou be the heiris,

Na

Ane ledio mit, and swak zow oy his ewillis.

Now (quod the Wolff) I sweir the be my thrist,
I trow zone Cadgear Carll he will me beir.
Hyr (said the ffoye) oy lost he will zow lift,
Vpoy his Ewillis and do him lytill deir.
Bot ane thing dar I suithlie to zow sweir,
Gif ze that hering sicker in suny place,
Ze sall not fair in fisching mair quhill pasche.

I sall say In Principio vpoy zow,
And croce zour corpe, from the top, to tay.
Wend quhey ze will, I dar be warrand now,
That ze sall de na sud dand deith this day.
With that the Wolff gird vp sone, and lowgy,
And caist ane cumpas about the Cadgear fay,
Syne raucht him in the gait, or he comt nar.

He laid his halfheid sicker, hard, and sad.
Syne straucht his four feit ffra him, and his heid.
And hang his toung furth as the ffoye him bad.
Ald stytt he lay, as he wer verray ded.
Takkand na thing off the Carlis ffauour nor feid.
Bot ever vpoy the Nekhering he thinkis,
And quyte forzettis the Foye, and all his wrinkis.

With that the Cadgear wautring as the wind,
Come vydand oy the laid, for it wes licht.
Thinkand ay oy the Foye that wes behind,
Vpoy quhat wyse, wtwengit oy him he micht.

And at the last, of the Wolff gat ane sicht.
Quhair he in lenth lay streikit in the gait.
Bot giff he lichtit douy, or nocht, God wait.

Softlie he said, I wes begylit anis,
Be I begylit twyis, I schrew me baith.
That euill bot it fall lycht vpon thy banis,
He suld haue had, that hes done me the skaith.
Oy sicht he lowit the staff for he wes wraith.
And hit him with sic will vpon the heid,
Quhill meir he swonit, and swelt in to that steid.

Thee battis he buet, or he his feit micht find.
Bot zit the Wolff wes wicht, and way away.
He myght not se, he wes sa werray blind.
Nor wit we ddilit quhether it wes nicht or day.
The Foxe beheld that seruice quhair he lay,
And leuch oy loft, quhen he the Wolff sa seis,
Baith deif, and dosmnit, fall swonand oy his knis.

He that of restfouy can not be content,
Bot couetis all, is abill all to tyne.
The Foxe, quhen that he saw the Wolff wes schent,
Said to him self, this hering sall be myne.
Ile, or ellis he wes esterwart fyne,
That fand sic wyis his Maister for to greif,
With all the fische that Lowrence tuke his leif.

The Wolff wes nane weill dungin to the deid,
That wantith with his lyfe away he way.

For

For with the Baſtony weill brokin wes his heid.
The Foxe in to his deyſone drew him thay,
That had betraiſit his Maiſter, and the may.
The ane, wantit the hewing off his creillis.
The vtheris ſindet wes wynnand ouer his heillis.

The Moralitas.

THis Taill is myngit with moralitie,
As I ſall ſchaw ſumquhat, or that I ceis.
The Foxe, vnto the warld may likkinnit be.
The reuand Wolf, vnto ane man but leis.
The Cadgear Deith, quhome vnder all man preis,
That euer tuke lyfe, throw cours of kynd man dee.
As man, and beiſt, and fiſche in to the ſee,

The warld ze wait, is Stewart to the man.
Quhilk makis man to haif na mynd of Deid.
Bot ſettis for winning all the craftis thay can.
The Hering, I likkin vnto the gold ſa reid,
Quhilk gart the Wolf, in perrell put his heid.
Richt ſwa the gold garris Landis and Cieteis,
With weir, be waiſtit daylie as men ſeis.

And as the Foxe, with diſſimulance and gyle,
Gart the Wolf wene to haif worſchip for euer.
Richt ſwa, this warld with vane glore for ane quhyle,
Flatteris with folk, as thay ſuld failze neuer.
Zit ſuddandlie men ſeis it oft diſceuer
Wich thame, that trowis oft to fill the ſek.
Deith cummis behind, and nippis thame be the nek,

The micht of gold makis mony men ſa blind,

That ſettis on auarice thair felicitie.
That thay forzet the cadgear cummis behind,
To ſtryke thame of, quhat ſtait ſa euer thay be.
Quhat is mair dirk, than blind proſperitie?
Quhairfoir, I counſell mychtie men to haif mynd,
Or the nekhering Interpreit in this kynd.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Foxe, that begylit the wolf, in the ſchadow of the Mone.

In Elotria dayis, as Æſope can declair,
Thair wes ane Huſband, quhilk had ane pleuch to
his vſe wes ay, in morning to ryſe air. (ſtein
Quhappinnit him in ſtretching tyme oft zeir,
Airlie in the morning to follow furth his feir,
Vnto the pleuch, bot his gadman and he.
His ſtottis he ſtraught with Benedicite.

The Taller cryit, Lowe, Laik, vpon Light,
Hald draught mydowie, ſyne broddit thame full fair.
The Oxin wes vnwitt young and licht,
And for ferſnes thay couth the fur forfair.
The huſband thay wowe angrie as ane hair.
Sone cryit, and caiſt his patill, and grit ſtanis,
The Wolff (quod he) mot haue you all at anis.

Bot zit the Wolff wes nocht ſa neir me wend,
For ay ane buſk he lay, and lowrenet baith,

Fy ane Rouch Rone wes at the furrie end.
And hard the feght: thay Lowrence leuch full raith.
To tak zone bud (quod he) it wer na skaith:
Weill (quod the Wolff) I heght the be my hand,
Sone Tarlie Word as he wer King sall stand.

The Ovin wavit mair wtulie at the last.
Syne eftir thay lousit, ffra that it worthit weill lait.
The husband hame wart with his cattell past.
Thay sone the Wolff come hirpilland in his gait,
Befoir the Ovin, and schupe, to mak debait.
The husband saw him, and worthit sumdeill agast.
And bakwart with his beistis wald haif past.

The Wolff said, quhether dervia thou this pray?
I chalange it, ffor mine off thame ar thyne.
The myn thairoff wes in ane fellony fray.
And soberlie to the Wolff answerit syne.
Schir, be my Saull, thir ovin ar all myne.
Thairfoir I stand it, quhy ze sould stop mes.
Sin that I faltit meuse to zow trewlie.

The Wolff said, Carll, gaif thou not me this dwift
Airlie, quhen thou wes cleuand on zone bank?
And is thair ocht (sayis thou) fetar thay gift?
Thir — tarrying weill tyne the all thy thank.
Fra beistis is fetlit ffor to gif ane plank,
Now be compellit on fowce, to gif ane mark.
Fy on the fredome, that cummis not with hart.

Schir

Schir (quod the Husband) ane may may say ȝis greis,
And syne gane say fra he anise and se.
I hecht to stell, am I thairfoir ane theif?
God forbid, Schir, all hechtis suld halding be.
Gaif I my hand or oblissing (quod he)
Or hand ȝe witnes, or writ thar to schau.
Schir reif me not, bot go and feik the Lau.

Carll (quod the Wolff) ane Lord and ȝe be leill,
That schrinkis for schame, or doutis to be repruuit,
His lau is ay als sickker as his Seill.
Fy on the Leid, that is not leill and lusit.
Thy argument is fals, and eik contrusit.
For it is said in prouerb: But lawte
All uther vertewis ar nocht worth ane fle.

Schir said the Husband, remember of this thing,
And leill may is not tane at halff ane taill.
I may say, and gainsay, I am na King.
Quhair is your witnes, that hard I hecht thame haill?
Thay said the Wolff, thairfoir it sall nocht faill.
Lowrence (quod he) cum ȝid ȝe of that Schaw,
And say na thing, bot as thow hard and saw.

Lowrence come louand, for he lusit neuer licht,
And sone appeirit befoir thame in that place.
The may leuch na thing, quhen he saw that sicht.
Lowrence (quod the Wolff) thow may declair this cace
Quhairof we sall schaw the suith in schort space.

I callit

I callit oy the leill witnes for to beir.
Quhat Lard thow that thig may Legt me lang eir?

Eglir (said the Cod) I cay not Lastelir
Swa sone as mow gif sentence finall.
Bot wald ze baith submit zow heir to me,
To stand at my decreit perpetuall.
To pleis baith I sall preif, gif it may fall.
Weill (quod the Wolf) I am content for me.
The may said swa am I, Low euer it be.

Thay schew thay furth thair allegeance but fabill,
And baith proponit thair ply to him compleit.
(Quod Lowrence) mow I am ane fuge amygabill.
Ze sall be sworne to stand at my decreit.
Quhether Leirefter ze think it sowr or sweit.
The Wolff braid furth his fute, the may his Land:
And oy the Coddis Taill sworne thay ar to stand.

Thay tuke the Cod the may furth till ane syde.
And said him, freind, thow art in blunder brocht.
The Wolff will not forgif the ane Oxe hyde
Git wald my self fane Help the, and I mocht.
Bot I am laith to Hurt my conscience echt.
Eyne mocht thy quarrell in thy awin defence,
This will not throw but grit coist and expence.

Seis thow not Biddis beiris Bernis throw:
And gistis gangis cruscit materis Lais full euin?
Sumtymis ant hey Lasis ane may ay ane Kow

All

All ar not falit, that feifis thair fandis to feuin.
Eftir (faid the may) ze fall haue fex, or feuin
Eight eftir the fattefi fennis offi all the floik.
I compt not all the laif, feif not the Coik.

I am ane fuge (quod Lowrence thay) and leuch.
Thair is na Fudgis fuld beir me by the nyght.
I may tak fennis, and Caponis weill aneuch,
Fer Cod is gane to fleip, ad effor this nyght.
Sic fmall thingis ar not fene in to his ficht.
Thir hennis (quod he) fall mak ty querrell fure
With emptie hand na man fuld Haikis lure.

Concordit tha the fay Lowrence tuke his leiff,
And to the Wolff he went in to ane fing.
Fyne preuelie, he plukkit him be the fleiff,
Is this in eueift (quod he) ze ask fic thing?
Na be my Fauth, I trow it be in feithing.
Thay faid the Wolff, Lowrence, quhy fayis thou fa?
Thow fand the fecht thy felff, that he couth ma.

The fecht (quod he) zone may maid at the plewis.
Is that the cauf quhy ze the caffell craif?
Faith in to feithing (faid Lowrence thay) and leuis.
Fy, be the Rude, I wiffit now ze raif.
The Feuill ane ftuk taill thairfoir fall ze haif.
Wald I tak it vpon my conficence,
To refa pure ane may, ad zone offence.

Sir faid I commonnit with the Carll (quod he)

We ar concordit wpon thir cunnand.
Quhat off all clamie swa ze will mak him fre,
Se sall ane Cabok haue in to zour hand.
Quhat sic ane sall not be in all thir land.
For it is Homer Cheic, baith fresche and ffair.
He sayis it wes ane stane, and sumtcill mair.

Ze that thy counsell (quod the Wolff) I do,
Quhat gone Carull for ane Cabok suld be fre?
Se be my Saull, and I wes sworne zow to,
Se suld mane wther counsell haue for me.
Fra gang ze to the maist extremitie,
It will not wyn zow worth ane wicherit meip.
Quhen trow ze not I haue ane Saull to keip?

weill (quod the Wolff) it is aganis my will,
Quhat gone Carull for ane Cabok suld ga quyte.
Quhen (quod the Tod) ze tak it in mane euill.
For be my Saull zourself had all the wyte.
Quhay (said the Wolff) I bid na mair to flyte.
But I wald se gone Cabok off sic tryis.
Quhen (said the Tod) se tauld me quhair it lyis.

Quhay hand in hand, thai held wnto ane hill.
The Husband till his hors hes tane the way.
For he wes fane, he schairpit ffrem thair ill,
And on his feit wes the dure quhill day.
Now will we turne wnto the wther way.
Quhen Noddie maist thair Freikis on fute cam fair,
For to buske to lusk, quhill midnycht and mair.

Lowrence

Lowrence wes euer remembring vpon wrinkis,
And subtelteis, the Wolff for to begyle.
That he had hecht ane Caboik, he forthinkis.
Yit at the last, he findis furth ane wyle.
Thay at him selff softlie couth he smyle.
The Wolff sayis, Lowrence, thou playis bellie blind.
We seik all nycht, bot na thing can we find.

Schir (said the Cod) we ar at it almaist.
Soft zow ane lytill, and ze sall se it sone.
Thay to ane Manure place thay yit in haist.
The nycht wes lycht, and pennyfull the Mone.
Thay till ane draw well thir Senzeoure past but hone.
Quhair that twa bukkettis seuerall suithlie gang.
As ane come vp, ane vther doun wald gang.

The schadow off the Mone schone in the well.
Schir (said Lowrence) anis ze sall find me leill.
Now se ze not the Caboik weill zour sell,
Quhyle as ane Reip, and rounde als as ane speill.
He gang it zonder, that na man sall it steill
Schir traist ze weill, zone Caboik ze se fing.
Micht be ane present to eny Lord or King.

Na (quod the Wolff) anyest 3one Caboik laif,
Ov the dry land, as I it zonder se.
I wald quitclame the Carll off all the laif.
Hir dart Oxin 3 compt thame not ane fle.
Sone wer prais meit for sic ane man as me.

Lowrence

Lowrence (quod he) leip in the bukket sone,
And I sall hald the ane, quhill thow haue done.

Lowrence gird douy baith sone, and subtellie,
The thev baid abuse, and held the flaill.
It is sa mekill (quod Lowrence) it maistreis me.
Dy all my tais it hes not left ane maill.
Se may mak help vpwart, and it haill.
Leip in the vther bukket, haistelie.
And cum sone douy, and mak me suny supple.

Thay lychtlie in the bukket lap the louy,
Hie west but weir the vther end gart vrgis.
The God come hailland vp, the wolff zeid douy.
Thay angerlie the wolff vpoy him cryis.
I cummand the downwart, quhy thow vpwart hyis?
Sqiir (quod the Foxe) thus fairis it off Fortouy,
Ane cummis vp, sum quheillis ane vther douy.

Thay to the grounde sone zeid the Wolff in haist.
The God lap oy land, ale blythe as ony bell.
And left the wolff in watter to the waist.
Quha haillit him out I wait not off the well.
Heir endis the Text, thair is na mair to tell.
Bot ȝe may find ane gude moralitie,
Iy this sentence, thocht it ane Fabill be.

Moralitas.

THis Wolf, I likkin to ane wickit man,
Quhilk dois the pure oppres in euerie place:
And pykis at thame all querrellis that he can,
Be Rigour, reif, and vther wickitnes.
The Foxe, the Feind I call into this cais,
Actand ilk man to ryn vnrychteous rinkis,
Thinkand thairthrow to lok him in his linkis.

The Husband may be callit ane godlie man,
With quhome the Feynd falt findes (as Clerkis reids)
Besie to tempt him, with all wayis that he can.
The hennis, ar warkis, that fra ferme faith proceidis.
Quhair sic sproutis spreidis, the euill spreit thair not (speids
Bot wendis vnto the wickit man agane.
That he hes tint his trauell is full vnfane.

The wodds waist, quhairin wes the Wolf wyld,
Ar wickit riches, quhilk all men gaipis to get:
Quha traistis in sic Trusterie, ar oft begyld.
For Mammon may be callit the Deuillis Net,
Quhilk Sathanas for all sinfull hes set.
With proud piesour quha settis his traist thairin,
But speciall grace lychtlie can not outwin.

The Cabok, may be callit Couetyce,
Quhilk blomis braid in mony mannis Ee.
Wa worth the well of that wickit vyce,
For it is all bot fraud, and fantasie.
Dryuand ilk man to leip in the buttrie,
That dounwart drawis vnto the pane of hell.
Christ keip all Christianis ftom that wickit well.

FINIS.

¶ The Taill of the wolf, ād the wedder.

Quhylum

QWhylum thair wes (as Æsope can Report)
Ane Scheipheird duelland be ane fowrest meir.
Quhilk had ane Hound, gat did him grit comfort,
Full war he wes to walk his Fauld but weir.
That mouther Wolff, nor Wilcat durst appeir,
Nor Foxe oy feild, nor zit no vther beist,
Bot he thame slew, or gaist it at the leist.

Sa happinnit it (as euerilk beist mayde)
This Hound off sadd and seikness to be deid.
Bot thay (God wait) the keipar off Æsope,
For verray wo wexe wanner nor the weid.
Allace (quod he) nowse I na remeid,
To saif the selie beistis that I keip,
For wit the Wolff, wergit beis all my scheip.

It wald have maid ane manis hart sair to se,
The selie scheiphirdis lamentatioun.
Now is my Darling deid, allace (quod he)
For now to beg my breid I may be boun,
With zyikstaff, and with scrip to stair off toun.
For all the beistis before bandonit bene,
Will schute vpoy my beistis with Ire and tene.

With that ane Wedder wretchillit way oy sute:
Maister (quod he) mak merie, and be blyith.
To breik zour hart ffor baill, it is na bute.
For ane deid Segge na cair oy zow lyith.
Ga ffetche Jim Lither, and sla his skyn off fyrst.

Eyne sew it ey me: and luke tat it be meit,
Baith heid, and crag, bodie, taill, and feit.

Thay will the wolff trow that I am he.
For I sall follow him fast quhar euer he fair.
All daill the cure I tak it vpoy me.
Your sceip to keip at midday, lait, and air.
And he persew, be God, I sall not spair
To follow him as fast as did your Hoig.
Swa that I warrand, ze sall not want ane hoig.

Thay said the sceipheird, this come of ane gude wit.
Thy counsall is baith sicker, steill, and trew.
Quha sayis ane sceip is daft, thay licit of it.
With that in hy the Hoggis skyy off he flew,
And oy the sceip eyest softlie couth it sew.
Thay wyst the Wedder wantony off his weid.
Now off the wolff (quod he) I haue na dreid.

Iy all thingis he counterfait the Hog,
For all the nycht he studit, and tuke na sleip.
Swa that weill lang thair wantit not ane hog,
Swa war he wes, and walkryfe thame to keip,
That Lowrence durst not luke vpoy ane sceip.
For and he did, he followit him sa fast,
That off his lyfe he maid him all agast.

Was nowther wolff, Wildcat, nor zit Tod,
Durst cum within thay boundis all about:
Bot he wald chase thame baith throw rouch and snod.

Thay

Thay bailfull beistis lad of thair lyuis sie dout.
For he wes mekill, and sensit to be stout.
That cuttill beist thay dred him ay the deis,
Within that wois that manodurst lais thair heis.

Sit lappinnit thair ane hungrie wolff to slyde
Out throw ane schip, quhair thay lay ony ane le,
I sall haue ane (quod he) quhat euer betyde,
Thocht I be wetwyit, for hunger ou I dy.
With that ane Lamb in till ane cluke hint he.
The laist start up, for thay wer all agast.
Bot (God wait) gif the wedder followit fast.

Went neuer hound mair laistelie fra the land,
Quhen he wes wynnand maist raklie at the sea,
Nor went the wedder baith ouer Mois and strand,
And stoppit nouther at bank, buske, nor bra.
Bot followit ay sa ferslie on hie sa,
With sic ane drift, quhill dust and dirt ouer draif him.
And maid ane Vow to God that he suld haue him.

With that the wolff let out ane Taill on lenth,
For he wes hungrie, and it drew neir the ene.
And schupe him for to ryn with all his strenth,
Fra he the Wedder sa neir cummand had sene,
He dred his lyfe, and he outtane had bene.
Thairfoir he spairit nowther buske, nor boig.
For weill he kennit the kenenes off the Doig.

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To mak him lycht, he keist the Lamb him fra.

Syne lap ouer leis, and gaif thame dub and myre.
Na (quod the Wedder) in faith we part not swa.
It is not the Lamb, bot the, that I desyre.
I sall cum neir, sa now I se the tyre.
The Wolff ran stil, quhill ane strand strae behind him
Bot ay the neirar the Wedder he couth bind him.

Syne efter that, he followit him sa neir,
Quhill that the Wolff sa fleidgeit fylit the feild.
Syne left the gait, and ran throw buske, and breir,
And schupt him fra the schawis sa to scheild.
He ran vnskrid, for he wist of na beild.
The wedder followit him, baith out, and in,
Quhill that ane breir buske raif vndelie off the skyn.

The Wolff wes wer, and blenkit him behind.
And saw the wedder come thrawand throw the breir.
Syne saw the Doggis eyn lyng and ly his lind.
Ma (quod he) is this ze, that is sa neir?
Eist now ane Hound, and now quhyte as ane Fuir.
I fled ouer fer, and I had kennit the cais.
Gud God I vow, that ze sall rew this wais.

Quhat wes the cause ze gaif me sic ane katche?
With that in hy he lent him be the horne.
For all your mowis, ze met anis with your matche.
Suppois ze leuch me all this zeir to scorne.
For quhat tacke tuik this Doggis eyn haue ze borne?
Maister (quod he) bot to haue playit with zow,

I zow

Ȝow requyre, that ȝe mane nother two.

Ja— thia ȝour bourding in eunist thay (quod he)
For Ȝ am nocht effeirit, and ov flocȝt.
Cum bak agane, and Ȝ sall let ȝow se.
Thay quhan the gait wes grimmit he Ȝing brocȝt.
Quhether call ȝe thia fair play, or nocȝt?
To set ȝour Maistes in sa sell effray,
Quhill he ffor feirnes Ȝea frȝit vp Ȝe way.

Therfa— (be my Saull) ȝe gart me sȝute behind,
Vpon my Ioichis Ȝe sentens may be sene.
For feirnes full oft Ȝ ffylit the wind.
Now ia thia ȝe: ma bot ane Hound, Ȝ wene.
Me think ȝour teith ouer sȝort to be sa kene.
Bissit be Ȝe busk, that wes ȝow ȝour away,
Ellis— fleand, bursin Ȝad Ȝ bene thia day.

Sȝit (quod Ȝe Wedder) suppois Ȝ way in hy,
My mynd wes neuer to do ȝour persoun ill.
And sicar gettis ant follow wes commounly,
Ȝy play or eunist, preis quha sa euer will.
Sey Ȝ bot playit, be gracious me till.
And Ȝ sall gar my freindis blis ȝour banis.
And full gudt seruand will crab his Maister anis.

Ȝ Ȝaue bene oftymis set in grit effray,
Bot (be the Rude) sa wad ȝit wes Ȝ neuer.
A— thow hes mais me with thy prettie play.
Ȝ sȝot behind quhen Ȝow ouertuke me euer.

Bot ſikkerlie now ſall we not diſſeuer.
Thay be the crag bane ſmertlie ſe ſiny tuke,
Or euer he deiſſit, and it in ſclunder ſcuke.

The Moralitas.

ESope that poet firſt Father of this Fabill,
Wrait this parabole quhilk is conuenient.
Becauſe the ſentence wes fructuous and agreabill,
In Moralitie exemplatiue prudent.
Quhais problemes bene verray excellent,
Throw ſimilitude of figuris to this day,
Geuis doctrine to the Redaris of it ay.

Heir may thow ſe, that riches of array,
Will cauſe pure men preſumpteous for to be.
Thay think thay hald of nane be thay als gay,
Bot counterfute ane Lord in all degre.
Out of thair cais in pryde thay clym ſa hie,
That thay forbeir thair better in na ſteid,
Quhill ſum man tit thair heillis ouer thair heid.

Richt ſwa in ſeruice vther ſum exceidis,
And thay haif withgang, welth, and cheriſing,
That thay will lychtlie Lordis in thair deidis,
And lukis not to thair blude, nor thair offspring.
Bot zit nane wait, how lang that reull will ring.
Bot he was wyſe, that bad his Sone conſidder.
Bewar in welth, for Hall benkis ar rycht ſlidder.

Thairfoir I counſell men of euerilk ſtait,
To knaw thame ſelf, and quhome thay ſuld forbeir.
And fall not with thair better in debait,
Suppois thay be als galland in thair geir.

It ſettis

It settis na seruand for to vphald weir,
Nor clym sa hie, quhill he fall of the ledder.
Bot think vpon the Wolf, and on the wedder.

FINIS.

¶ The Taill of the wolf, and the Lamb.

ANe cruell wolff, wight rauenous, and fell,
Vpon ane tyme past to ane Reuir.
Descending from ane Rotche, vnto ane well.
To slaik his thrist, drank of the Watter cleir.
Swa vpon cace, ane selie Lamb come neir.
Bot of his fa, the wolff, na thing he wist.
And in the streme laipit to cule his thrist.

Thair drank thay baith, bot not of ane intent.
The wolfis thocht wes all on wickitnes.
The selie Lamb, wes meik, and Innocent,
Vpon the Reuir, in ane vther place,
Beneth the wolff, he drank ane lytill space,
Quhill he thocht gude, belewand thair mane ill.
The wolff him saw, and Rampand come him till.

with girnand teith, and awfull angrie luke,
Said to the Lamb, thow Catiue wrettchit thing.
How durst thow be sa bald, to fyle and bruke,
Quhair I sall drink, with thy foull slauering?
It wer Almous the ffor to draw and sing,
Bot I sall pwnische, with the ffoull lippis wyle.
To giar me drumle, and the fair Watter fyle.

The ſelie Lamb quaikand for verray dreid,
Oy kneia ſtell, and ſaid, Schir, with zour leif.
Suppois I dar not ſay, thairoff ze leid:
Bot be my Saull, I wait ze cary nocht preif,
That I did ony thing, that ſuld zow greif.
Ze wait allwa that zour accuſatioun,
Failzeis ffra treuth, and contrair is to reſſoun.

Thocht I cary nocht, Nature will me defend,
And off the deid perfyte experience.
All heuie thing, may off the ſelff diſcend.
Bot giff ſum thing oy force mak reſiſtence.
Thay may the ſtreme oy na way mak aſcence,
Nor ryy bakwart: I drank beneth zour fan.
Ergo, ffor me, zour Bruke wes neuer the wan.

Allwa, my lippis ſey that I wes ane Lam,
Quitchit na thing that wes contagious.
Bot ſowkit milk, ffrom pappis off my dam,
Richt Naturall, ſweit, and alsa delitious.
Weill (quod the wolff) thy language Rigerus,
Cummis the off hynd: ſwa thy Father before.
Held me at bait, baith with boiſt, and ſchore.

He wraithit me, and thay I culd him warne,
Withiy ane zeir, and I brukit my leid.
I ſuld be wrokkin oy him, or oy his barne,
For his exorbetant and frawart pleid.
Thow ſall doutles ffor his deidis be deid.

Schir

Schir, it is wrang, that for the fatheris gilt,
The saikles sone suld punist be or spilt.

Haist ze not Lord, quhat halie Scripture sayis,
Endytit with the mouth off God Almyght?
Off his awin deidis ilk man sall beir the prais,
And pane for sin, reward for werkis wyght.
For myne trespas, quhy suld my sone haue plyght?
Quha did the mis, lat him sustene the pane.
Haa (quod the Wolff) zit pleyis thow agane.

I let the wit, quhen that the father offendis,
I will refuse mane off his Successioun.
And off his bairnis, I may weill tak amendis,
Vnto the twentie degre descending doun.
Thy father thoght to mak ane strang poysoun,
And with his mouth in my watter did spew.
Schir (quod the Lamb) thay twa ar mouthes trew.

The Law sayis, and ze will vnderstand:
Thir suld nane may for wrang. nor violence,
His aduersar punis at his awin hand,
Without proces off Law, and euidence.
Quhilk suld haue leif to mak lawfull defence,
And thairupon Summond perentourly,
For to propone, contrairie, or reply.

Set me ane lauchfull Court, I sall compeir,
Before the Lyoun, Lord, and leill Iustice,
And be my hand I sall mak heir.

That

That I ſall byde ane vnſuſpect Aſſyis.
This is the Law: this is the Inſtant gryis:
Ye ſuld pretend thairfoir ane Summondis mak,
Againis that day, to gif reſſouy, and tak.

Na (quod the Wolff) thou wald Intruſe reſſouy.
Quair wrang, and reif ſuld duell in propertie.
That is ane poynt, and part of fals treſſouy,
For to gar vtuth remane with crueltie.
Be his Woundis, fals traitour, thow ſall de,
For thy treſpas, and for thy Fatheris ale.
With that anone he lint him be the hals.

The ſelie Lamb culd do na thing bot bleit.
Done wes he dtid: the Wolff wald do na grace.
Syne drank his bludc, and off his fleſche can eit,
Quhill he wes full, and went his way on pase.
Off his murtheir quhat ſall we ſay allace?
Wes not this vtuth, wes not this grit pitie?
To gar this ſelie Lamb but gilt thus de.

Moralitas.

THe pure pepill, this Lamb may ſignifie,
As Maill men, Merchandis, and all laboureris.
Of quhome the lyfe is half ane Purgatorie,
To wyn with lautie leuing as efferis.
The Wolf betakinnis fals extortioneris,
And oppreſſouris of pure men, as we ſe,
Be violence, or craft in facultie.

Thre kynd of Wolfis, in this warld now Rings.
The firſt, ar fals peruerteris of the Lawis.
Quhilk vnder Poete termis, falſet mingis,
Lettand that all wer Goſpell, that he ſchawis.
Bot for anc bud the pure man he ouerthrawis,
ſmoirand the richt, garrand the wrang proceid.
Of ſic Wolfis hellis fyre ſall be thair meid.

O man of Law, let be thy ſubteltie,
With nice gimpis, and fraudis Intricait:
And think that God in his Diuinitie,
The wrang, the richt, of all thy werkis wait.
For prayer, price, for hie, nor law eſtait,
Of fals querrellis ſe thow mak na defence.
Hald with the richt, hurt not thy conſcience.

Ane vther kynd of Wolfis Rauenous,
Ar mychtie men, haifand full grit plentie.
Quhilkis ar ſa gredie, and ſa couetous,
Thay will not thoill the pure in pece to be.
ſuppois he, and his houſhald baith ſuld de,
For falt of fude, thairof thay gif na rak,
Bot ouer his heid his mailling will thay tak.

O man but mercie, quhat is in thy thocht-
War than ane Wolf, and thow culd vnderſtand,
Thow hes aneuch, the pure huſband richt nocht,
Bot croip, and caff, vpon ane clout of land.
For Goddis aw, how durſt thow tak on hand,
And thow in Barn, and Byre, ſa bene, and big,
To put him fra his tak, and gar him thig?

The thrid Wolf, ar men of heritage:
As Lordis, that hes land be Goddis lane.

And

And ſettis to the Mailleris ane Village:
And for ane tyme Greſſome payit and tane.
Syne vexis him, or half his terme be gane,
With pykit querrellis, for to mak him fane
To flit, or pay his Greſſome new agane.

His Hors, his meir, he man len to the Laird,
To drug, and draw, in Court, or in Cariage.
His ſeruand, or his ſelf may not be ſpaird,
To ſwing, and ſweit, withoutin Meit, or wage.
Thus how he ſtandis in labour, and bondage,
That ſcantlie may he purches by his maill,
To leue vpon dry breid, and watter caill.

Hes thow not reuth, to gar thy tennentis ſweit,
In to thy laubour, with faynt, and hungrie wame?
And ſyne hes lytill gude to drink, or eit,
With his menze, at euin quhen he cummis hame.
Thow ſuld dreid, for richteous Goddis blame.
For it cryis ane vengeance vnto the heuinnis hie,
To gar ane pure man wirk, but meit or fe.

O thow grit Lord, that riches hes and rent:
Be nocht ane Wolf, thus to deuoir the pure.
Think that na thing cruell, nor violent,
May in this warld perpetuallie Indure.
This ſall thow trow, and ſikkerlie aſſure,
For till oppres, thow ſall haif als grit pane,
As thow the pure had with thy awin hand had ſlane.

God keip the Lamb, quhilk is the Innocent,
From Wolfis byit, and fell exortioneris.
God grant, that wrangous men of fals Intent,
Be manifeſtit, and puniſchit as effeiris.

And

And God, as thow all rychteous prayer heiris,
Mot saif our king, and gif him hart and hand,
All sic Wolfis to banes out of the land.

Fenis.

The Taill of the Paddok, & the Mous.

Vpoy ane tyme (as Æsope culd Report)
Ane sylie Mous come till ane Reuer syde.
Scho micht not waid, for schankis wer sa schort
Scho culd not swym, scho had na hors to ryde,
Off cerray force behouit hir to byde.
And to, and fra, beside that Reuir dip,
Scho ran; cryand, with mony pietuous pip.

Help ouer, help ouer, this silie Mous cay cry,
For Goddis luve, sum bodie ouer the bryg.
With that ane paddok in the watter by,
put vp hir heid, and on the bank cay clym.
Quhilk be nature culd douk, and gaylie swym.
With voce full rank, scho said on this manir.
Gude morne (schir Mous quhat is zour erand heir?

Scis thow (quod scho) off corne zone tolie flat
Off ryp Aitis, off Barlie, peis, and Quheit.
I am hungrie, and fane wald be thair at.
Bot I am stoppit be this watter greit,
And on this syde, I get na thing till eit,
Bot hard Nuttis, quhilkis with my teith I bore.

Wan

Wer I bezond, my feist wer ser the mone.

I haue no Boit, heir is no Maryner:
And thocht thair war, I haue no fraucht to pay.
(Quod Sesso sister) sat be thy heuie eschew:
Do my counsall, and I sall find the way,
Without Hors, Brig, Boit, or zit Salay.
To bring the ouer saifflie, be not afeird:
And not wetand, the campie off thy beird.

I haif gryt wounder quod the lytill Mous,
How cayr how sleit without fedder or fly:
Thir Reuer is sa deip, and dangerous,
Me think, that thow sald drounit be thairby.
Tell me thairfoir, quhat facultie or gin,
Wyr hes to bring the ouer thir watter way?
That to declair the paddok thus begyn.

With my twa feit (quod Sesso) lukkin and braid,
Ay steid off Airis, I rowr the streme full stryll,
And thocht the brym be perrillous to waid.
Baith to, and fyra, I rowr at my awin will,
I may not drounyr, ffor auhy my oppin Sill
Inuoidis ay the watter I vesaiff.
Thairfoir to drounyr forsuith na dreid I haif.

The Mous beheld vnto hir fronsit face,
Hir runkillit cheikis, and hir lippis syde:
Hir hingand browis, and hir vocc sa hace:
Hir loggerand leggis, and hir harsky hyde.

Esope way abak, and ay the paddok cryde.
Sisse I cay ony skill off phisnomy,
Thow hes sumpart off falset, and Inuy.

For Clerkis sayis, the Inclinationy,
Off mannis thocht, proceidis commounly
Efter the Corporall complexionn,
Fegnde, or euill, as Nature will applyd
And thrawart will ane thrawin phisnomy.
The auld prouerb is witnes off this LORUM:
Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum.

Na (quod the Cait) that prouerb is not trew:
For fair thingis ofttymis ar fundin faikin.
The Blaberyis thocht thay be sad off hew,
Ar gadderit vp, quhen primeros is forsakin.
The face may faill, to be the hartis takin.
Thairfoir I fynd this Scripture in all place,
Thow suld not Juge ane may efter his face.

Thocht I vnhailsum be to luke vpon,
I haue na cause, quhy I suld lakkit be.
Wer I als fair, as Jolie Absolon,
I am no causer off that grit beutie,
This Differens in forme, and qualitie,
Almychtie God hes causit dame Nature:
To prent, and set in euerilk creature.

Off sum the face may be full flowrischand,

Off silkin tonrig, and eyis wyght amorous,
With mynd inconstant, fals, and wariand,
Full off desait, and menis Cautelous.
Let be thy preiching (quod the hungrie Mous)
And be quhat craft thow gat me understand,
That thow wald gyde me to yone yonder land?

Thow wait (quod scho) ane bodie that hes mein,
To help thame self, suld mony wayis cast.
Thairfoir ga tak ane doubill twyne thrid,
And bind thy leg to myne with knottis fast.
I sall the leir to swym, be not agast,
Na weill as I, Na thow (thay quod the Mous)
To preif that play, it wer wyght perrillous.

Suld I be bund, and fast, quhar I am fre,
I hoip off help, ma thay I sall rew to baith.
For I wyght lois baith lyfe and libertie.
Siff it wer swa, quha suld amend the skaith?
Bot gif thow sweir to me the murthour aith,
But fraud, or gyle, to bring me ouer this fludis,
But hurt, or harme. I faith (quod scho) I sudis.

Scho quikit eyis, and to the heuin can cry:
O Juppiter, off Nature God and King.
I mak ane aith trewlie to the, that I.
This lytill Mous sall ouer this wattir bring.
This aith wes maid. The Mous but persauing

The

The fals Ingyne of thic foull carpand toade,
Tuke thrid, and band hir leg, as sche hir bad.

Thay fute, for fute, thay lap baith in the burne.
Bot in thair mynde thay wer wyght different.
The Mous thocht off na thing, bot how to swyme:
The paddok stor to drouny set hir Intent.
Quhen thay in mid wart off the stremt wer wynt,
With all hir force the paddok preissit doun.
And thocht, the Mous without mercie to drouny.

persauand thic, the Mous on hir nay cry,
Traitour to God, and myne sworne vnto me.
Thow sware the murthour aith vicht mone, that I
But hurt, or harme, sul I ferryit be and fre.
And quhen sche saw thair wes bot de, or de,
With all hir mycht sche forsit hir to swyme:
And preissit vpon the Paip ic bak to clyme.

The dreid of deith hir strenthis gart incress,
And forcit hir defend, with mycht, and mane.
The Mous vpwart: the paddok down cay pres.
Quhyle to, quhyle stra, quhyle doukit vp agane.
Thic selie Mous plungit in to grit pane,
Say fechtvla lang as breith wes in hir breist:
Till at the last, sche cryit for ane preist.

Fechtand thusgait the Sled sat on ane twist,
And to thic wrechit batt:ll tuke gude heid.

And with ane wisk, or ony vther thing,
He clangit his cluke betuix thame in the threid,
Syne to the land he flew with thame gude speid,
Fane vnto that fang, pypand with mony pew:
Syne lowsit thame, and baith but pitie slew.

Syne bowellit thame, that Bongeour with his bill
And bellie slaught full fettillis thame fle.
Bot all thair fleshe wald scant be half ane fill,
And guttis ala vnto that gredie gle.
Off thair debait, thus quhen I hard outred,
He tuke his flicht, and ouer the feildis flew.
Siff this be trew, speir ze at thame that saw.

Moralitas.

MY Brother, gif thow will tak aduertence,
Be this Fabill thow may persaue and se.
It passis far all kynd of Pestilence,
Ane wickit mynd, with wordis fair and sle.
Be war thairfore, with quhome thow fallowis the,
To the wer better beir the stane barrow,
For all thy dayis to delf quhill thow may dre,
Than to be matchit with ane wickit marrow.

Ane fals Intent vnder ane fair pretence,
Hes causit mony Innocent for to de.
Grit folie is to gif ouer sone credence,
To all that speiks fairlie vnto the.
Ane silkin toung, ane hart of crueltie,

Smytis

Smytis more sore, than ony schot of arrow.
Brother, gif thow be wyse, I reid the fle,
To matche the with ane thrawart senzeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is grit nekligence,
To bind the fast, quhair thow wes frank and fre,
Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defence,
To saif thy lyfe, nor zit thy libertie.
This simpill counsall, brother, tak of me,
And it to cun perqueir, se thow not tarrow.
Better but stryfe to leif allane in le,
Than to be matchit with ane wickit marrow.

This hald in mynd, rycht more I sall the tell,
Quhair by thir beistis may be figurate.
The Paddok vsand in the flude to duell,
Is mannis bodie, swymand air and late,
In to this warld with cairis Implicate.
Now hie, now law, quhylis plungit vp, quhylis doun.
Ay in perrell, and reddie for to droun.

Now dolorus, now blyth, as bird on breir:
Now in fredome, now wrappit in distres.
Now haill and sound, now deid and brocht on beir:
Now pure as Iob, now rowand in riches:
Now gouins gay, now brats laid in pres.
Now full as fitche, now hungrie as ane Hound.
Now on the quheill, now wrappit to the ground.

This lytill Mous, heir knit thus be the schyn.
The saull of man betakin may in deid.
Bundin, and fra the bodie may not wyn,
Quhill cruell deith cum brek of lyfe the threid.

The

The quhilk to droun ſuld euer ſtand in dreid,
Of carnall luſt be the Suggeſtioun:
Quhilk drawis ay the Saull, and druggis doun.

The watter is the warld, ay welterand,
With mony wall of tribulatioun:
In quhilk the saull, and bodye wer ſteirrand,
Standand rycht different in thair opinioun.
The saull vp wart, the body precis doun:
The Saull rycht fane wald be brocht ouer I wis,
Out of this warld, into the heuinnis blis.

The Gled is Deith, that cummis ſuddandlie,
As dois ane theif, and cuttis ſone the battall.
Be vigilant thairfoir, and ay reddie,
For mannis lyfe is brukill, and ay mortall.
My freind thairfoir, mak the ane ſtrang Caſtell,
Of Faith in Chriſt: for deith will the aſſay:
Thow wait not quhen, euin, morrow, or midday.

Adew my freind: and gif that ony ſpeiris,
Of this Fabill, ſa ſchortlie I conclude.
Say thow, I left the laif vnto the Freiris,
To mak exempill, and ane ſimilitude.
Now Chriſt for vs that deit on the Rude,
Of ſaull, and lyfe, as thow art Saluiour:
Grant vs till pas, in till ane bliſſit hour.

FINIS.

John

John